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## THE IRISH LAND DEBATE.

THE best thing that can be said of the debate on Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolution is that it has come to an end. The only possible result of the debate has been attained, and it has been shown that, after a solemn appeal from its chief on a question that does not divide it, the Liberal party will vote for Mr. GLADSTONE to a man. The debate is over and the inquiry in the Lords will go on. The course of the inquiry will be affected by many considerations which were touched on during the debate; but it would have been equally affected by these considerations as they presented themselves while the inquiry was being carried on. The Lords would necessarily have found out for themselves all that has now been pointed out to them by the Commons. A lawyer so eminent as Lord CAIRNS could not have allowed a Committee under his guidance to have reviewed, with the object of setting aside, the actual decisions of tribunals. They would have at once discovered that it was impossible to call seriously in question the qualifications of the Sub-Commissioners by any other process than that of asking Mr. FORSTER why they were appointed. Mr. FORSTER, without any debate in the Commons, could have done as he has done, and have refused to appear before the Committee. If he had attended he might have simply said that he had appointed persons who, in his judgment, were the right persons to appoint, and that he intended to keep them in office, and the Lords could not have got any further. The only effectual means of checking bad appointments is to get rid of the Minister who makes them; and the Committee of the House of Lords can no more get rid of Mr. FORSTER than the Serjeant-at-Arms can. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, again, pointed out that there were two very important hindrances to the satisfactory working of the Land Act the existence of which had been established during the debate, and might be proved by the Committee of the Lords. These are the arrears of rent and the block in the Courts. The Lords could not even begin to sit without knowing that these are very serious and operative hindrances. They know what every one knows, and they cannot give any formal proof of what has been proved already to the satisfaction of every Irishman. The Committee may go further and report what, in its opinion, is the best way of dealing with arrears and of relieving the block in the Courts. But this will only be an opinion, and it will have no effect unless it happens to fall in with the views of the Ministry. If the Committee recommended that the State should contribute towards the arrears, which is apparently the only fair and practicable way of dealing with them, it is entirely in the hands of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to attend to the recommendation or not. And the Committee will have given Mr. GLADSTONE the advantage of being able to say, if he is opposed to the recommendations of the Committee, that it is simply a statement on the part of Irish landlords that they should like to get a little ready money at the cost of the taxpayer; or to say, if he likes the recommendation, that even the Lords would view with approval the efficacy of another bribe to the tenants to behave decently. The essential objection to the institution of the Committee cannot be removed. Its inquiries must to a large extent be ineffectual, for they will only show what is already perfectly well known, or will record the opinions of certain persons whom the Committee has chosen

to summon. When the Committee sums up the results of its inquiries, it will be taken, at the pleasure of the Government, to be recording the partial and interested views of large Irish landowners, or to be making wise suggestions for giving to the tenants even more than they have got.

Much of the criticism which found expression during the debate was directed, not so much towards the working of the Land Act, as towards the Act itself. Lord HARTINGTON complained of this kind of criticism as irrelevant, and a waste of time. But it was really not only inevitable, for those who are injured by the working of the Act were sure to go back and ask how they came to be in so unfortunate a position, but it was also perfectly relevant. The faults in the working of the Act are in a very large degree faults or defects in the Act itself. Lord HARTINGTON himself supplied an excellent example when he touched on the meaning of a fair rent. He reminded the House that the Government had tried to define a fair rent, and had defined it so badly that it had to withdraw its interpretation; that members of all parties tried in their turn to define a fair rent, and at last all agreed the attempt was hopeless. In other words, the Parliament that ordered a fair rent to be fixed confessed that it had not the remotest conception of what a fair rent meant. It is consequently almost impossible to prove that humble officials are misinterpreting the meaning of words which, in the opinion of Parliament, had no meaning, or any meaning that any one chose to put on them. Mr. FITZPATRICK, on the other side, furnished another example. He complained bitterly of the partiality of the Chief Commissioners sitting as a Court of Appeal, because they had said that they would not vary the decisions of their subordinates, unless it appeared to them that, in giving these decisions, their subordinates had made mistakes either in principle or in amount. It is most difficult to understand what it is of which Mr. FITZPATRICK complains. All Courts of Appeal on pecuniary judgments must consider alleged errors of principle, or alleged errors of amount, and cannot consider anything else. A Court of Appeal that duly considers these two classes of possible errors exhausts its functions. There must, therefore, be, in the opinion of Mr. FITZPATRICK, some function which the Chief Commissioners ought to fulfil, when sitting as a Court of Appeal, which is beyond the scope of ordinary Courts of Appeal. But the Act does not invest them with any new function, and if they have not exercised the powers which Mr. FITZPATRICK wishes them to exercise, it is because they have not these powers to exercise. It is the Act, not the working of the Act, that is the cause of that mysterious shortcoming which Mr. FITZPATRICK deplors. The same thing meets us at every turn. An inquiry into the working of the provisions relating to arrears must merge into an inquiry whether the terms on which, under the Act, arrears may be settled, are the proper terms to have offered. The inquiry into the block in the Courts might be limited to an inquiry if its purport was restricted to showing that a hundred more small publicans and a hundred more small millers ought to be immediately invested with the transient glories of precarious Sub-Commissionerships. But it would become an inquiry into the Act itself directly it was sought to show that the Act was so framed that there must be a block under it. Those who wish for an inquiry are not taking up a thriving tree to see how it is growing at the roots, but are indicating symptoms that show, in their opinion,

that the tree which has been planted is not the right kind of tree to have been set where it is.

Many Irish members intervened with a new strain, and sang the last sad song of the dying swan. They have had notice to quit, and after the next dissolution they are to be Irish members no more. They have been solemnly judged, and have been found guilty of respectability, of loyalty, and of abhorrence of foul crimes. For such men Ireland has no pity and no gratitude. They may have been useful once; but now that these deplorable vices have been revealed, they can be no longer of any use whatever. They strove hard to get the Land Act for Ireland; but the tenants who are supposed to be delighted with this precious boon are thoroughly disgusted at their former friends presuming to draw a rigid and insulting line, and declining to follow when they are merely invited to pursue a policy of robbery and murder. From the language which they used, it was evident that these threatened men regarded their doom as inevitable. It was much more than an idle boast when one of the extreme faction said that at the next election his faction would control four-fifths of the Irish constituencies. This is a matter for grave consideration on the part of all English statesmen. It is quite idle to treat it as a party question. Many Liberal speakers, including the leaders of the party, indulged in pleasantries on the strange alliance that they saw between the Conservatives and the adorers of Mr. PARNELL. How can the Conservatives possibly help the most extreme Home Ruler going into any lobby he pleases? This exhibition of Liberal playfulness, however, indicated the possible existence of a very great danger. If in the next Parliament there were eighty members more or less like Mr. SEXTON, Government, whether in the hands of Liberals or Conservatives, could only be carried on by both English parties agreeing that it should be carried on; and it is to be hoped that both parties would show equal cheerfulness and loyalty in carrying out this agreement. But, although Government could be possibly carried on in this way, Opposition, as Opposition is conceived and recognized in England, could not. It would take the heart out of Opposition, it would make Parliamentary criticism pale and flabby beyond description, if it were recognized to be part of the game that a vote must never be taken in which the accession of the Irish could give the Opposition a majority. At the same time, it may possibly be contended that the withdrawal of these poor dying swans, although it foreshadows a great evil, also foreshadows a mitigation of this evil. The Irish members, after the elimination from their ranks of such men as Mr. SHAW and Mr. SMYTH and Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, would be more numerous, more violent, and more troublesome, but they would also have much less influence and importance. The extreme absurdity of confiding the destinies of Ireland to a native Parliament would be daily proved by the walking of such men into the lobbies of the House of Commons. The Parliament of England would feel that it was much more at liberty than it is now to say that it had to deal, not with Ireland, but with a chance band of extreme Irishmen. If it once had a clear conscience on this head, Parliament would, it may be believed by optimists, find the means of dealing effectually with those who challenged its supremacy.

#### THE ARMY AND NATIONAL SECURITY.

THE Army Estimates for 1882-83 are soon disposed of. They show no difference worth speaking of from the Army Estimates for 1881-82. About a thousand fewer men are provided for, and the total outlay is less by about half a million. Yet, though the figures are so nearly those with which we are familiar, there is a reason why they should be looked at with a little closer attention than common. Whatever may be doubtful in our military system, one thing is certain—it is not a cheap system. After Mr. CHILDERS has done his utmost in the way of judicious or injudicious economy, the country will still have to find fifteen millions and a half in the course of the year to pay for the maintenance of the army. That is not a large sum if we get money's worth in return for it. Double that sum would not be much for a wealthy nation to pay if by the payment of it it ensured absolute security against attack. But fifteen millions and a half is a

very large sum indeed to pay for anything short of absolute security against attack. There is no outlay so costly as that which falls short of its mark. A million would be too much to pay for an army which did not answer the purpose for which it is raised; and there has of late been too much reason to doubt whether even a million fifteen times repeated does much more for us than place us in a state of half preparation, which is scarcely, if at all, better than no preparation at all. We are not thinking now of foreign wars or of expeditions to the other end of the earth. The doubt which now presents itself relates, not to our credit abroad, but to our security at home; not to our ability to impose our rule upon other Powers, but to our security against having the rule of another Power imposed upon us. Until a very short time back the idea of invasion had pretty well faded out of Englishmen's minds. They looked back to the time of invasion panics as to a disease which they had happily outgrown. When *The Battle of Dorking* was written the Volunteer force was still young; there was no Army Reserve, torpedoes were in their infancy; in short, the means of warding off invasion with which England is now surrounded could hardly be said to exist. Now all these weak places have been made good. Two hundred thousand Volunteers stand ready to defend our coast. The men of the Army Reserve are prepared at the shortest notice to return to the colours. The sea which ebbs and flows round our shores conceals countless torpedoes only waiting the passage of a hostile ship to deal destruction to the invader. It is a beautiful picture; but unfortunately there is every reason to believe that it is painted too much from imagination. At all events, the authorities who ought naturally to be the first to recognize its truth seem quite unable to identify the facts which it is supposed to embody. The regular army, even when the Reserve is included, is exceedingly small. The Volunteers are a very useful force for garrison duty, but they have not the training which would enable them to resist the trained soldiers of a great military Power. The torpedoes may do a good deal of not very discriminating damage; but their powers will be spent on the first comer, and an enemy will take care that this first comer is not the transport ships which will convey his troops. Suddenly, and without in the least expecting it, we find that the old dangers of invasion are as serious as ever, or, if this is too positive a way of putting it, that they appear as strong as ever to men who have every claim to speak with the authority given by knowledge.

In his last article on the Channel Tunnel Sir GARNET WOLSELEY draws a comparison between the result of a successful invasion supposing a tunnel were opened, and the result of a similar invasion without a tunnel. Into the distinctions between the two contingencies we need not enter here; the point on which we wish to insist is that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY does not speak at all as if he thought a successful invasion impossible. On the contrary, he argues as though it were not at all impossible; and for Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to do this is much more than for another man to do it. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is not at all a pessimist in military matters. He is rather accustomed to look at things in the best light, and to make them as agreeable as he can for the Government whose servant he is. Consequently, if Sir GARNET WOLSELEY could honestly say that all thought of invasion might safely be put away, he would have every motive for saying it. When he assumes that, instead of being a fancy to be put away, it is a contingency to be guarded against, there is every reason to believe that he is not speaking without book. In the *Standard* of Thursday appeared a letter from "one of the most distinguished Generals in the French service," to whom the Paris Correspondent had shown the articles attributed to Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in the *Nineteenth Century*. How does this foreign authority regard that immunity from invasion on which we so plume ourselves? As utterly destroyed by the introduction of steam vessels. There is nothing, he argues, to prevent an enemy from making a demonstration off Deal while the bulk of the force steamed up the Severn, another detachment landed at Scarborough, and three or four ironclads sailed up the Mersey and bombarded Liverpool. No doubt, if our navy were adequate to all the demands that could be made on it, this distribution of the hostile force would be almost impossible. The enemy's ships would be blockaded in their



own harbours or destroyed as soon as they ventured out to sea. But there is the gravest reason to doubt whether our navy is adequate to all the demands that would be made on it; whether, in fact, it would be able, by the time that the protection of our commerce and the maintenance of our supplies had been fully provided for, to do more than stake everything on the chance of a pitched battle with equal, possibly with superior, forces. It would be madness to assume that the result of such a battle must necessarily be in our favour. After making every allowance for pluck and seamanship, the possibility, to say the least, of a defeat must be acknowledged. From that moment we should be at the mercy of the enemy, not indeed as regards the result of an invasion, but as regards the landing of troops. We might be able to give a good account of them when they were in the country; but, with the extent and unprotected character of our coast, there would be no means of keeping them out of the country supposing that they were determined to land.

This is the point of view from which it has become necessary to regard our military preparations. We might, indeed, render it unnecessary to take much trouble on this head. We might make our superiority at sea over any possible combination of fleets that could be brought against us so indisputable that nothing but a miracle could prevent our being completely successful in any naval engagement that we might be engaged in. All that need be said of this vision at present is that it is not likely to be speedily realized. Lord NORTHBROOK and Mr. TREVELYAN may have the best wishes with regard to the Navy; but they have to reckon with an economically-disposed party, and with an Exchequer which has Mr. GLADSTONE for its Chancellor. In the absence of this overwhelming navy, it seems, in the opinion of military experts, to be perfectly possible to land an invading army; and if it is possible to land twenty thousand troops, it is equally possible to land five times twenty thousand. That is a contingency in view of which no military estimates have yet been framed; but if it is a contingency in view of which they ought to be framed, they must present a very different aspect to that which they wear for the year 1882-83. The prospect of having to fight a foreign army in our own country is one of course that may never be realized. But if we are commonly prudent, we shall admit that as its realization does not, in our present state of preparation, depend upon ourselves, we ought not to rest until one of two things has been accomplished. We may, if we choose, have a navy which shall make an invasion virtually impossible, or we may have an army which shall make even the temporary success of an invasion virtually impossible. The presence of either of these conditions would effectually deprive any foreign Power of the wish to try the experiment; but at present Englishmen seem to be just as happy, in the absence of both alternatives, as though both were already in their hands.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

A PROSPERITY Budget—and Major BARING's annual statement is eminently a prosperity Budget—must always be looked at from two points of view. Are the financier's calculations justified by the facts with which he has to deal; and are the actual figures fairly likely to work out according to his calculations? As regards the former question, the first doubt that suggests itself refers to the military expenditure for the coming year. This is estimated at a little over 15½ millions—almost the same sum that the home military expenditure is fixed at for the same period—and it is added that this is less than the ordinary expenditure in any year since 1876-77. It is impossible, of course, to criticize a statement of this kind in the absence of the detailed explanations which Major BARING probably gave in the Legislative Council. It is difficult, however, to feel much confidence in any theory of Indian finance which postulates a permanent reduction under this head. India is held by the sword, and, to all appearance, she will continue to be held by the sword for so long a time as she remains a British dependency; and one of the annoying incidents of that tenure is that frontier wars have a way of breaking out when they are least expected. Opinions differ, no doubt, upon the nature and value of the security which the recent settlement of Afghan affairs has given us; but it would be exceedingly unwise to make it the basis of any

large remissions of taxation. A second doubt as to Major BARING's method of dealing with facts arises in connexion with his estimate of the opium revenue. He makes the sum to be derived from this source 7,250,000*l.*, which is an advance of three-quarters of a million on the estimate for 1881-82. The justification of this increase depends on the confidence with which the yield of the last two years may be expected to recur during the year now beginning. If it does recur, the increased estimate will be considerably below the actual result. There is a good deal to be said against the practice of underestimating revenue, which is usually only a rather mean way of paying off debt. But when the income to be looked for depends, not on the habits of a people, which for the most part change very slowly, but on the operations of nature, it may be only a reasonable allowance for contingencies which can be neither foreseen nor controlled. In the present case the temptation to assume a fairly favourable yield of opium was undoubtedly very great. Major BARING wished, for very good reasons, to lower the salt duty, and if he had estimated the opium revenue at no more than 6,500,000*l.*, this reduction would have been impracticable. He therefore runs the risk for this one year, relying partly, it may be supposed, on recent economies in the cost of collection. After this year he hopes that the risk will, at all events, be less, as he looks to an increased consumption of salt to compensate the Exchequer for the considerable reduction now made in the duty.

In another aspect, the part of the Budget which deals with the opium revenue is highly satisfactory. The Government of India has not been frightened by the agitation of the anti-opium fanatics, and it does not propose to subject its own subjects to extraordinary privations in order to force the people of China to use home-grown instead of imported opium, and so enable the Chinese Government to put a large sum into its own pocket. The present agitation against the opium trade is as groundless a cry as has often been raised. Of the two arguments on which it relies, neither has any foundation in fact. There is no evidence that the use of opium is more injurious than the use of alcohol, or that the Government of India is any more bound to prohibit its exportation than the French Government is bound to prohibit the exportation of brandy. It is certain that if the Chinese could not get any more opium from India, they would take to growing it themselves; and the notion that a weak and corrupt Government, such as theirs is, would either wish or be able to prevent them from growing it argues an extraordinarily high estimate of human resolution. What the Chinese Government undoubtedly would do would be to put on a duty upon opium raised in China, which would keep the price at the level of that now paid for the imported drug. The ability to do this would be very valuable to a Government which is habitually short of money; but the Indian authorities may fairly hold that charity begins at home, and that a salt duty increased fivefold would inflict far more suffering on India than all the opium-smoking that goes on in China. In days when no cry is too absurd to gain consideration if it only happens to be at all widely raised, the Government of India deserves credit for standing by its guns. A monopoly is not in itself an unimpeachable source of revenue, and if one less open to objection could be suggested the Government of India would no doubt be glad to put it in the place of opium. But the ingenuity even of amateur financiers has hitherto been distanced by the difficulty of the problem, and, while this continues to be the case, the plain duty of the Indian authorities is to consult the necessities of their own people before the financial convenience of a foreign Government.

The two principal features of Major BARING's statement are the complete abolition of Customs duties except upon alcohol, which is a questionable luxury; upon arms, which no one desires to see introduced; and upon opium and salt, which could not be admitted without disturbing the excise. Every other kind of goods will in future be admitted without duty. India, which has hitherto been accused of being a laggard in the Free-trade movement, now goes ahead of England. This startling change will be viewed with somewhat mixed feelings. In itself it is undoubtedly a very great benefit. It admits India to a full share in all the advantages which English economists believe will follow from complete freedom of trade, and it gives the world a very striking proof of our belief in the doctrines

we preach at home at a moment when, except in England, those doctrines are everywhere spoken against. The objections which would hold good against the adoption of a similar measure in this country do not apply to India. In England the duties on tea and coffee and on tobacco are the only contributions to the revenue which a large section of the population make; and the unanswerable argument against their abolition lies in the fact that no system of direct taxation has been devised which imposes on the working classes their fair share of the national burdens. If the poor did not pay on their cup of tea or on their pipe, they would, if the total abstainers had their way, pay on nothing at all. In India no such difficulty presents itself. The great trouble of the Indian Government is how to raise a sufficient revenue without pressing too hardly on the labouring population; and, in so far as any article which they consume comes to them more cheaply under the new system than under the old, the gain will be without alloy. The objection to abolishing the Customs duties comes from the directly opposite quarter. Would it not have been possible, if the Customs duties had been retained, to have made a large reduction in the salt duty? Even after the 30 per cent. in Bengal and 20 per cent. elsewhere, by which Major BARING proposes to lower it, have been allowed for, the *Times* can still calculate that "the annual burden per head of the population will be about five pence"; and though the *Times* adds, by way of consolation, that this "represents little more than the value of two days' work in an Indian rural district," even this is a large sum to exact from a population, large classes of which are only just able to keep body and soul together. If we put an Indian family at five persons, the reduced duty saddles the head of it—so long as his children are unable to support themselves—with an annual contribution equal to ten days' labour, and where there is scarcely any available margin between the day's work and the day's wants, this is a very serious demand to make on him. The defence of the abolition of the Customs duties must be looked for not in the nearness of the approach which it enables the Government of India to make to the complete realization of Free-trade principles, but in the peculiar condition in which the previous action of the Government had unwittingly placed the whole question. The partial remission of the import duties on cotton goods has entirely disorganised a most important industry. If grey goods are allowed free entry, it is impossible to maintain the duties on white and coloured goods. If all the duties on cotton goods are removed, the import duties that would remain would be costly to collect, and would subject trade to an amount of supervision and interference the annoyance of which would be altogether out of proportion to the amount of revenue brought in. Major BARING is thus excused from going into the question whether it was a wise thing in the first instance to leave the import duties on cotton goods. They have already been meddled with, in deference, perhaps, to Free-trade theories, but still more, it is to be feared, to Lancashire insistence. Now that this step has been taken it cannot be retraced, and all that the Government of India have had to consider is whether the gain to be derived from making every port in India free will not be greater than the gain derived from keeping up a system of import duties which has been already seriously disarranged. The decision they have arrived at is probably a sound one; and as it has fortunately been found compatible with a partial lowering of the salt duty, there is no need to scrutinize it too minutely.

#### THE KINGDOM OF SERBIA.

THE Servians have suddenly taken a step which has long been in contemplation. They have made their Prince a King, and their new KING has accepted the honour tendered him in a proclamation which pays the proper tribute to the virtues of his subjects and the claims of his family, and speaks with natural exultation of the PRINCE'S entrance on a dignity which is a revival rather than a creation. Ages ago there was a Servian kingdom which lasted many hundred years, and greatly enlarged its borders. To Servians there has merely been a little break in the continuity of their kingdom, and they seem determined that, if they cannot once more push forward their boundaries, it shall be their misfortune, and not their fault.

And they have been actuated not merely by the impulses of historical sentiment, but by a natural jealousy of their neighbours, the Roumanians. If there is to be a King CHARLES, why not a King MILAN? And there was no easy answer to the question, if only those who allowed the Prince of ROUMANIA to be a king would allow the Prince of SERBIA to be a king also. It is easy to see that there are many attractions to the inhabitants of a little country like Serbia in having their principality turned into a kingdom. In the first place, it more effectually reminds the world that they exist, which is a legitimate source of comfort to people who have long been left out in the cold. Then it is at least hoped that it may be financially advantageous. The Servians are hungering to borrow money, and they flatter themselves, not perhaps without justice, that there are possible lenders who will think it more respectable, and even safer, to lend to a kingdom than to a principality. Their first effort in financing has been far from satisfactory. They placed themselves in the hands of M. BOUTOUX, and all they got out of the transaction was the satisfaction of thinking that their imprudence and consequent embarrassment had been rivalled by the imprudence and embarrassment of some of the finest families in France. The possession of a King, too, is held to be a very desirable guarantee of the independence which was accorded to Serbia by the Treaty of Berlin as a reward for its humble efforts in two unsuccessful campaigns. To bully or rob a prince is held to be a natural, and therefore in some degree pardonable, transaction; but to bully or rob a king is thought to be an awful outrage on European sentiment. Lastly, experience seems to show that kings are allowed to add to their territories in a pleasant and easy way which is denied to governors of a humbler rank. Thessaly was, at least in part, given to Greece because there was a King of GREECE to give it to. Slices of neighbouring territory may be surrendered perhaps with a better grace when their surrender is a concession, not to the vague aspirations of militant Pan Slavism, but to the majestic claims of a recognized Sovereign. The King of SERBIA must remain for some time to outsiders among the humblest of earthly dignitaries; but to the Servians there may be real and indisputable advantages in having a king, although their king may be among other kings little more than the bearer of the decoration of the third order of the Black Eagle is among Prussian officials.

It was of course Austria that really gave his new crown to King MILAN. Austria kept him dangling after this crown, and to all appearance dangling very much in vain, until in a moment it decided that it would be much better that he should be a king than not. The first act of the KING was to receive in state the Austrian Minister, as a token that he had obtained permission to be king from what is to him the highest quarter; and the German Minister, with the Italian Minister in attendance, followed suit, as a token that the arbiter of Serbia had acted with the sanction of the arbiter of Austria. To England it would be a matter of indifference whether the ruler of Serbia called himself king or prince, were it not that the motives which have led Austria to sanction or call for the institution of a Servian kingdom happen to commend themselves very strongly to England, and carry out English policy with regard to the peoples of the Balkan peninsula. Austria wishes, in face of the Pan Slavist movement which now threatens her, at once to detach Serbia openly and irrevocably from this movement, and to give a patent pledge that she does not wish to swallow up the free Slav territories that lie beyond her occupied provinces. Further, the creation of the Servian kingdom by Austria is equal to a declaration that, if she is not to swallow up these free territories, neither is Russia to swallow them up, or even to direct their course of action. The independence of Serbia was almost entirely due to the triumph of the Russian arms; but since the conclusion of the war the Servians have gradually learnt that they have much more to gain from Austria than from Russia. Austria is near, and Russia is far off; and Austria regards with favour acts of the Servian Government of which Russia must necessarily disapprove. The Prince of SERBIA has lately had a grand quarrel with his ARCHBISHOP, and "O. K.," who explains so many things to Englishmen, has lately been good enough to explain what has been the cause of dispute. The State, which is busily inventing every source of revenue that will bring the Budget up to the mark that may be



supposed to satisfy lenders, thought proper to impose a small tax on persons who were instituted to ecclesiastical offices, and the ARCHBISHOP pronounced this tax to be simoniacal. Simony is a mysterious and awful word, and it is not often that any two persons agree as to what it means. But, at any rate, "O. K." and the ARCHBISHOP are agreed that the Servian State has been guilty of simony, and they appear to mean by this that the Church is altogether outside the State in Servia, that the State can no more tax ecclesiastics than ecclesiastics can tax the State, and that somehow the great Slav cause is involved in the maintenance of this extreme ecclesiastical independence. The cause of the Slav and the cause of the Orthodox Church are one and the same, and whatever touches the one touches the other. "O. K." may not improbably be right in holding this view, and if she is right, it is not wonderful that at this crisis of the quarrel Servia should be glad to lean, and Austria should be glad Servia should lean, on a Power which has some religious and many political motives for welcoming any attack on the influence of those who identify themselves as ecclesiastics with the Panslavist movement.

This is not the only explanation of current events with which "O. K." has favoured the unintelligent and bewildered British public. The resources of her inner consciousness are sufficient to assure her, and to enable her to assure others, that General SKOBLEFF never said anything he is reported to have said. "O. K." desires peace, Russia desires peace, General SKOBLEFF desires peace, and consequently General SKOBLEFF can never have uttered a word which foreshadowed a great war in which he would lead the Slav against the Teuton. If he ever said anything to his Servian friends, it must have been something of the mildest and most pacific kind. It is not, perhaps, polite to contradict a lady, even an excited Slav lady, and "O. K.'s" explanations must always be accepted for what they are worth; but surely on her showing General SKOBLEFF is the most unfortunate of men. He talks like a lamb to Servian students, and these misguided young men understand him to mean that the great Slav war on which their hearts are supposed to be set is within their immediate reach. He never breathes a word that could hurt the feelings of the most captious German, and yet he is all of a sudden recalled because he has somehow given great offence to Germany. And his black bad luck always sits behind this gallant horseman. Even when he gets on to Russian territory the fates are persistently adverse to him; and malicious reporters will have it that he had no sooner got to Warsaw than he addressed a gathering of Poles, and pointed out to them that it was only by throwing their lot in with that of Russia, and by all co-operating as good Slavs should do, that they had any chance of escaping that last and worst of misfortunes in the eyes of true Slavs, the presence in their midst of German garrisons. Anyhow, the peaceful language of "O. K.," which she assures us is the language of all enlightened Russians at the present moment, may be taken to show that these enthusiasts have been made to see that talk of war is altogether idle at present, that Russia will not and cannot make war, and that, if she hates the thoughts of war much, her dependents or allies hate such thoughts still more. The proclamation of the King of SERBIA is virtually a proclamation that Servia recoils from the prospect of more bloodshed, more destruction of homes and property, and more ingenious taxes on ecclesiastics and others. The Prince of SERBIA was believed to be the tool of the men of war; the King of SERBIA asserts himself as the ally of the men of peace. What little the Servians have got they wish above all things to keep. They have not got much. They have got national independence, a King, an imprisoned Archbishop, and more pigs in proportion to the population than any people in Europe. But this list leaves blanks which must be filled up before all the aspirations of the human mind are gratified. To fill up the smallest of these blanks in the most imperfect way the Servians absolutely require peace; and they have now got such an assurance of peace as the possession of a real King, who has become a technical cousin of that great patron of peace, the Emperor of AUSTRIA, can give them.

## MR. FORSTER AT TULLAMORE.

IT is a long time since any public man has made on a burning question a speech which ought to receive, and which for the most part has received, such general approval as that which Mr. FORSTER made last Monday from the balcony at Tullamore. That he should have walked about that town without escort or apparent protection is not, perhaps, so very surprising. Though the King's County has been somewhat disturbed, it is by no means one of the worst districts, and Tullamore itself has for the most part been decently quiet. But the address was a much happier, and, in reality, a much more audacious, notion than the promenade. In the state of sulky anarchy to which Ireland is too generally reduced the majority of the people might still be expected to refrain from actual violence in broad daylight towards a person who was certain to be more or less efficiently, if not very ostentatiously, under the protection of the police. But nothing could have prevented the people of Tullamore from mortifying Mr. FORSTER by simply leaving him to address the open air and the bare flags, or from howling him down. The alternative of these two things seemed so likely that it may be suspected that many men who would have felt a certain not unpleasant excitement in dispensing with a tail of constables would have been unwilling to face it. For months Mr. FORSTER has been the best-abused man in that European country which is most lavish of abuse. He might compare epithets with Lord CASTLEREAGH himself without much fear of inferiority; and whereas in CASTLEREAGH's case the abuse was from one party only, in Mr. FORSTER's case it has been impartial and universal. Conservatives have blamed him for inaction, Radicals have blamed him for coercion. To the landlords he is the embodiment of the idea of spoliation, to the tenants he represents the Government which stands between them and the Parnellian ideal of a vague but blissful prosperity. The lower rout of pulpit and platform spouters have associated him personally with every scratch inflicted by the police for the last twelve months. In the eyes of one set of people he is the mere tool of the "Castle clique"; in the eyes of another he is the obstacle in the way of the Castle clique applying their superior knowledge of Irish difficulties. In all the thorny and difficult business of the last two years Mr. FORSTER has been whipping-boy, scapegoat, and target all in one; and to an ordinary Irish crowd the very mention of his name is, and has long been, the promptly understood signal for a storm of hisses and curses. That a man in such a position should speak in such circumstances as those of the Tullamore address is, it may be repeated, a scarcely smaller proof of moral and physical courage than that he should walk through the slums of Limerick or Cork unguarded.

Mere courage, however, though it is an excellent thing in a statesman, is by no means everything. Nothing would have been easier than for Mr. FORSTER to make such a speech that it would have been very much better for him to be silent. To hit on the right kind of speech for such an occasion was itself by no means easy. Mr. FORSTER might have been gushing; he might have been prosy; he might have been apologetic; he might, worst of all, have entered on one of those peculiar demonstrations of the virtue and goodness of himself and his colleagues which, though they convince nobody, and disgust most people, are the common resource of Ministers in his position. He did none of these things. To certain propositions in his speech referring to the Land Act it is indeed not possible to yield an unqualified assent. But for the most part there was no attempt to make party capital, nor was there any argument used which every Englishman, whatever his political views, may not and should not heartily endorse. Mr. FORSTER addressed himself chiefly to two points, which are beyond all question the two points at which all well-disposed persons must labour, hopeless as the labour may sometimes seem. The one is the revelation to Irish eyes in its true light of the real nature of that campaign of outrage which is all that Irish agitators have to propose, and which they propose and carry out again and again with sickening monotony and success. The other is the exposition of the real attitude of England towards Ireland, an attitude which the same agitators persistently and deliberately misrepresent and distort. There could be nothing very novel in the handling of these two points, at least to English readers.

But any fair criticism must acknowledge that the IRISH SECRETARY put them with a great deal of force and with a genuine feeling, the expression of which was neither theatrical, maudlin, nor twaddling. No one who heard it should soon forget the description of the latest victim of the Land League propaganda which Mr. FORSTER gave at Tullamore. It is natural that the apologists of the Land Leaguers should strive to divert attention by talking of the "awful outrages" of landlords, but it is an insult to Irish intelligence to suppose that even the men who talk nonsense of this kind think it sense. Even if the reckless jargon of English party oratory be accepted, and eviction be described as a sentence of death, it has to be added that, even in its metaphorical meaning, it is a sentence which is generally respited as soon as pronounced, and which is almost invariably commuted. There is no respite or commutation of the very literal sentences of death which the Land League passes on those who have been guilty of no crime, who have broken no engagement, but who have simply done their duty, kept their promises, and lived honestly and uprightly. That such a state of things, actively fostered by some Irishmen, apologized for by more, and passively suffered by most, is at once a hopeless obstacle to any understanding between Ireland and England and a reign of terror for Ireland itself, is one of those propositions of which, at Holyhead, the denial would seem sufficient to assign the denier to a lunatic asylum as his proper home. At Kingstown and west thereof it apparently becomes a malignant paradox. That Mr. FORSTER has put it in the heart of Ireland, forcibly, clearly, even pathetically, is an act at once of more courage and of more merit than some shortsighted persons may conceive possible as attaching to the statement of a self-evident truth.

It is hard not to indulge the hope that a sensible and straightforward proceeding will do good. Some good, indeed, it must do. It will be difficult, at any rate, for the saner portion of the Tullamore crowd to think of Mr. FORSTER in future as a person who has half a dozen Irish babies bayoneted every morning before breakfast as a relish to his day's work. It is true that the saner portion of a crowd is not always or often the majority, and that sinister influences, manifold and almost innumerable, are in constant operation to counteract any good done in this way. It is curious that even in England and in London, where unanimity on the subject might be expected, at any rate among Mr. FORSTER's own party, Radicals have gone out of their way to ask "why it was not done before," to grumble at Mr. FORSTER for not having stumped Ireland with mollifying speeches before he tried coercion, and to utter other gracious comments of the same kind. If these things are done in the comparatively green tree of calm English politics, what may be expected in the dry touchwood of Irish passion? That an Irish print should attempt to destroy the force of Mr. FORSTER's sketch of the scene in the Clare Workhouse by holding up the "awful outrage" of a landlord asking for his over-due rent, is venial in comparison with the attempt made by an English journal to slight a good deed of a leader of its own party simply because that leader has had the impudence to take a somewhat different view of his duty from that which it has recommended to him. It is not very easy to conceive a greater difference than the difference on Irish questions between the views of the Government and the views advocated in these columns. But that the IRISH SECRETARY has done an excellent thing in an excellent way may be here acknowledged without a shadow of after-thought or of limitation. The more widely his words are spread in Ireland the better; and the more his example is followed by those whose positions give them influence, however small or great, the better also. There is not a word in Mr. FORSTER's speech which any prelate or priest of the Roman Catholic Church ought not to welcome with eagerness and endorse heartily. The few mischief-makers in high places, and the many ignorant and hotheaded underlings who, to the disgrace of that Church, have hitherto abetted crimes more repugnant to the Christian religion than the most elaborate doctrinal heresy, will not relish it. But, lay sermon as it is, there is no altar in Ireland from which it might not fittingly and with no small chance of good be pronounced.

## JUDGES AND POLICE.

IN a paper in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. MACFARLANE has brought together some undoubtedly startling examples of the favour shown to offences against the person as compared with offences against property. The most striking of them is a case tried before Lord COLERIDGE last May. A man was indicted for the murder of his wife. He had been seen chasing her across a field, and then kicking her on the head as she lay on the ground. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and Lord COLERIDGE sentenced him to six weeks' imprisonment. In another case, tried before Mr. Justice HAWKINS, three men were found guilty of an indecent assault upon a woman, from the effects of which she died some weeks later. The strange thing about this case was that the judge expressed his regret that he had not the power to send the worst of the ruffians into penal servitude; and Mr. MACFARLANE not unnaturally argues that, in default of this power, Mr. Justice HAWKINS ought to have passed the severest sentence which the law allowed. Instead of doing this, he only inflicted two-thirds of the maximum penalty—sixteen months' imprisonment instead of twenty-four. By the side of these penalties Mr. MACFARLANE places some inflicted for offences against property—ten years' penal servitude for quietly taking 9s. out of the pocket of a woman who was looking into a shop window, five years' penal servitude for stealing a watch valued at 35s. It is impossible to deny the *prima facie* force of Mr. MACFARLANE's argument; but before his suggestions are acted on there are several points that call for consideration. In the first place he seems completely to overlook the strength and universality of the inducement to steal. In every large crowd there are probably hundreds of persons who have the opportunity from time to time of stealing this or that kind of property, and to whom the money gained by the theft would be really important. What is it that keeps the great majority of these people from doing their neighbour a bad turn and themselves a good one? Simply their strong sense of the disproportion between the game and the candle, between the offence and its punishment. If stealing were as safe as it is easy, they would soon become habitual thieves. Probably it is only the thought of the penal servitude that awaits them in case of detection that has the power to keep them straight. So far, therefore, as Mr. MACFARLANE's contention is that offences against property are punished with undue severity, he has not made out his case. Penalties must be proportioned, not merely to the inherent heinousness of the offence, but also to the strength and frequency of the temptation to commit it. It is so easy to take nine shillings out of a woman's pocket, and to find a use for them when they have been taken, that the only way of preventing the transfer from being effected very much oftener than it is is to visit it in the event of discovery with what seems like an unduly severe punishment.

Still this is only half Mr. MACFARLANE's case. Why, he may say, are not offences against the person visited with the same severity as offences against property? This is a question which it is not easy to answer offhand. It may be that the penalties which have hitherto proved adequate to deter men from crimes of violence are no longer so; that the rough is a special disease of civilization, and needs the application of a special remedy. Before, however, this conclusion is reached, it should be remembered that it is much more difficult to measure crimes of violence from merely reading newspaper reports of a trial than it is to measure crimes against property. A theft tells its own story; a blow, even a false blow, may imply a quarrel, and any conceivable amount of preceding provocation, and it is not possible to provide for these contingencies except by giving considerable discretion to the judge. Trials at the assizes, again, are usually reported with a great deal of compression, and a case which occupied the court for a day may occupy a newspaper reader for five minutes. It is always possible therefore that some point which the judge has thought important may have been missed by the reporter, and that what we really see is the judge's conclusion without the considerations which led him to arrive at it. Further, it must be remembered that these sentences, whatever their apparent character may be, are not passed without much thought and labour on the part of the judge. He has before him a more complete account than the public can have of the prisoner's antecedents. He has watched his demeanour,



and compared it with that of the witnesses against him. He has usually taken counsel, if he has felt any doubt, with a brother judge. And he acts under the sense of responsibility which inevitably accompanies a judgment from which, for the most part, there is no appeal. If Mr. MACFARLANE's complaint were brought against one judge only, it would be more intelligible. But it is virtually brought against them all, and it must consequently be regarded as the complaint of a man who is not an expert against men who are experts; of a man who only gauges things from the outside, against men who are thoroughly acquainted with the subject; of a man who is struck by an isolated case here and there, against men who see the whole range of similar cases. This does not imply that Mr. MACFARLANE is necessarily wrong and the judges necessarily right. But it does imply that the controversy is not one to be decided by a resolution of the House of Commons, or by anything short of an inquiry in which the opinions of the judges, and the body of facts to which those opinions relate, have been carefully weighed by the side of one another by an authority at least as competent as that whose decisions are called in question.

The severe sentences passed last week by Mr. Justice HAWKINS on one of the young men concerned in the recent manslaughter on the Thames Embankment, and on others convicted of rioting at Hoxton, have drawn attention to the very great neglect of the police in putting down the beginnings of disorders which, if they are left alone, find their natural end in acts that are scarcely distinguishable from murder. It does not answer to trust to the deterrent effect of individual penalties to check crimes of this kind. They are committed in crowds, and that circumstance is sufficient to create a sense of security which is a fruitful parent of individual recklessness. Even if an assault is brought home to the gang, it must be brought home, if the discovery is to have any effect, to particular members of it; and if the difficulty of doing this is great, the difficulty of believing that it will be done is still greater. For the moment the sudden prominence into which the feuds of "Tiger Bay" have been brought may suggest to those concerned in them that it is wise not to make themselves too conspicuous until the police have had time to forget their unwonted activity. But if the same neglect is again shown the same consequences will assuredly follow. There is a vast amount of brutality lying hid in London ready to break out whenever it has a chance of doing so without paying an immediate penalty, and quite enough of those concerned in the recent riots have escaped scot free to renew and carry on the bad tradition. The true cure for the mischief is to be sought in prompt action on the part of the police as soon as the evil makes its appearance. It was stated in the recent trials that for months past the districts in which these gangs lived had been kept in constant terror by their misdeeds—consequently the original intervention of the police ought to have dated from the same time. It is impossible always to foresee where an assault is going to be committed, even when those who commit assaults throw off all pretence of secrecy and move about in considerable bodies. But a good deal of violence and interference with the peace of the streets probably goes on before the authors of it are ripe for the graver offences of which they are guilty in the end. Half a dozen idle young men may make the necessary business of life a torment to the women of the neighbourhood; and before things can have come to that pass that witnesses are afraid to come forward to give evidence against those who annoy them, something more than horseplay has probably been carried on. Whenever a complaint of this kind is made, an extra force of police should at once be stationed in the district with orders to use sharp measures towards these gangs on the very first occasion of their appearance. The police can keep the streets quiet enough when they think it worth while to do so, and a determined scattering of the first attempt at any concerted movement, followed, if necessary, by a few prompt arrests, would soon have the desired effect. Possibly to do this whenever the need presented itself would need some strengthening of the Metropolitan police; but if we are to pay for a police at all, it is better to pay enough to make it safe to walk through any thoroughfare in London.

#### THE BRADLAUGH CASE.

THE first scene of the third act of the Parliamentary Life and Death of Mr. BRADLAUGH was at least conducted with decency and in order, which is equivalent to saying that Mr. BRADLAUGH himself took no part in it. Mr. GLADSTONE, whose ingenuity in detecting the non-identity of indiscernibles, acute at all times, has been sharpened by this matter to a preternatural degree, affected to discern in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's motion, founded on the writ, a "distinct advance," and an advance of a very terrible and unconstitutional character. It is not often that the SPEAKER even indirectly rebukes the PRIME MINISTER; but Sir HENRY BRAND's reply to Sir WILFRID LAWSON on a later day had very much the air of such a rebuke. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's motion, said the SPEAKER, had been founded on matters of general notoriety, and within the cognizance of the House. That is a conclusive answer to Mr. GLADSTONE's mysterious insinuations. But there is a much simpler one which the leader of the Opposition himself put with sufficient force. It is clearly improper that a matter which has occupied so much of the attention of the House, and which is considered by the majority of its members to be of such importance, should be left to the chances of a snapped division when Mr. BRADLAUGH has made his way to the table at some unguarded moment. It is as improper, and more absurd, that, the official leaders of the House having refused to do their duty in this matter, a vigilance committee of devoted volunteers should have to sit like a cat with her eye on a mouse-hole, watching for Mr. BRADLAUGH's next antic. The contention on which the House has acted all along has been that Mr. BRADLAUGH's conduct is one and indivisible, and that, as such, the House is in possession and in cognizance of it. The return of the writ revived that possession and that cognizance at once and of itself, and the measures necessary for doing the duty and guarding the dignity of the House of Commons became by the very fact and from that moment obligatory.

The Amendment of Mr. MARJORIBANKS, however, gave a decided zest to the performance, which a mere repetition of the former debates and divisions would have lacked. There is no doubt that, although Mr. MARJORIBANKS's intentions are beyond suspicion, Mr. CHAPLIN was perfectly justified in pointing out that his Amendment opened a most ingenious little pitfall for the feet of the House of Commons. Had it been carried, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's motion could not again have been put. The SPEAKER was, of course, right in saying that this technical disability would not have hindered the House from adopting some other means of preventing Mr. BRADLAUGH from going through proceedings which are now either illegal or invalid. But no one who has the slightest acquaintance with Parliament can fail to be aware of the practical effect of such a vote if it had been given by a majority for Mr. MARJORIBANKS's proposition. The tradition of resistance would have been broken; the habit of voting for Mr. BRADLAUGH would have set in; more and more waverers would have hastened to relieve their tender consciences from the state of reprobation in which they feel themselves to be when voting against Mr. GLADSTONE. As it was, the ingenious, not to say insidious, proposal was negatived by a sufficient, though not by a very large, majority. The alteration of the numbers cannot be taken as showing the slightest change in the attitude of the House towards Mr. BRADLAUGH himself, or towards the main question. Mr. MARJORIBANKS's proposal opened one of those doors of escape of which people who find themselves in an uncomfortable position are always glad to avail themselves. Moreover, every means except the straightforward and obvious one was taken by the Government and its partisans to give the matter the appearance of a party question. It is particularly to be regretted that Mr. GOSCHEN, who is generally above things of this kind, should have tried to draw a red herring across the path of the feebler-scented members of his own party, by dwelling on the convenience of the question to the Conservatives. It might have been supposed that, if it is the duty of Parliament to pursue a certain course, it is a matter of very small importance whether that course is for the convenience of Conservatives or of Liberals. Nor was the reminder less maladroit than it was undignified. Comparison between the two parties in this matter does not, it is to be feared, redound much to the credit of that to which Mr. GOSCHEN belongs, as far as

least as its leaders are concerned. It is not the Conservatives who are resisting the evident and clearly pronounced will, conscience, and sense of law and right of Parliament and of the nation. It is not the Conservative leaders who have compassed sea and land, first to allow the law to be broken, and then to allow an oath to be profaned for the sake apparently of adding a vote to their tale. It is not the Conservatives who, declaring again and again that they conceive a certain person to have a certain claim, refuse to take the only steps which can possibly put him in the possession of his supposed property. The matter ought not to be discussed from a party point of view at all, and it is to the credit of the many Liberals who have hitherto supported Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that they have seen this. But if it is to be discussed from a party point of view, Mr. GOSCHEN will not find much doubt prevailing in any of the three kingdoms as to which party as a party has come best out of it.

Mr. BRADLAUGH, according to his wont, boasts that he has mysterious devices *dans son sac* which will yet defeat all the malice of his enemies. If those devices are on a par with the mummery which ended in his expulsion three weeks ago, they are not likely to be very effective. The SPEAKER has very properly cut the ground from under his feet by announcing that, after the decision of Monday, he shall not call on Mr. BRADLAUGH to approach the table, and that without this call Mr. BRADLAUGH cannot do so. Any proceeding on Mr. BRADLAUGH's part, therefore, except quiet effacement of himself, will be in direct contravention of the SPEAKER's words, and will be justly punished by complete exclusion from the House and its precincts. The hope which everybody must entertain that this proceeding will not be necessary can only be tempered by the natural and inextinguishable desire to see what new trick of fancy Mr. GLADSTONE will exhibit on the occasion. Hitherto he has been faithful to his rule of baffling conjecture on each recurrence of the BRADLAUGH question by a fresh indulgence in casuistry of the kind of which he alone is master. One flight of his genius on this last occasion has already been noted; but it was not the only one. Sir STAFFORD's motion was not merely a step in advance; it was a "personal disqualification." How it came about that every disabling motion of the many that have been made and carried against Mr. BRADLAUGH was not a personal disqualification, only Mr. GLADSTONE in his secret communings with his own soul and the English dictionary can be expected to understand. But these things are common and stale compared with Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude towards Mr. MARJORIBANKS's Amendment. To an ordinary person in his position that Amendment might have been thought specially attractive. It saved him from the invidious necessity of himself proposing legislation; it furnished a plausible excuse for reuniting his party on the subject; it had for its end the remedying of what he has frequently maintained to be an injustice. But it did not fully meet Mr. GLADSTONE's set purpose that the House shall lay Mr. BRADLAUGH at his feet as a free gift in token of repentance and amendment of life, without the slightest concession on his part in the way of relaxing his attitude of labyrinthine consistency, of strategic courage, and of dignity in the sulks. He was careful to point out in a majestic manner that the Amendment was very good for the many gentlemen who "desired to escape from what was an increasingly painful position"—that is to say, the position of continued rebellion against himself. For these poor sinners, Mr. MARJORIBANKS, himself a sinner, had pointed out a *via prima salutis*. He would even so far signify his approval of the plan that he would vote for it; but he would not give an assurance to bring in a Bill for the purpose of giving effect to Mr. MARJORIBANKS's proposal. In vain did Mr. GUEST and other people try to make him give this assurance. Shakes of the head and oracular sentences of the peculiar kind which mean anything or nothing were all that could be got out of Mr. GLADSTONE. Perhaps, however, it is incorrect to say "all." He had vouchsafed the remarkably luminous and characteristic distinction that he "approved of a change in the law, but did not think it necessary for disposing of the present case." In other words, to give the assurance required would take off the bloom from Mr. GLADSTONE's satisfaction at some future day in having seated his man without lifting his finger in order to do so. At present the House has not made up its mind to adopt the required attitude of un-

conditional repentance and prostration; nor is it very likely to be induced to do so by the absurd piece of bombast which Mr. BRADLAUGH has since addressed to it.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

THE Board of Trade Returns do not confirm the opinion that trade has received a severe check. Compared with February of last year, the exports of last month show an increase of 2,100,000*l.*, or about 13½ per cent. It is true that in February of last year the increase in the exports was only about 2 per cent. But it is to be recollected that in February 1880, the increase had been 20½ per cent.; consequently, the increase over February 1879 is over 50 per cent. Looked at in this way, the expansion in our trade during three consecutive years will be seen to be exceedingly large. And that the volume of trade is expanding even more rapidly than the value may be gathered from the fact that very little rise in prices has yet taken place. What is still more satisfactory is that the increase in the exports is very general. It is found in coal, in cotton yarn, in haberdashery, in lead, leather, linen yarn, millwork and machinery, stationery, refined sugar, telegraphic wires and apparatus, and in woollen yarn and woollen manufactures. But the most remarkable increase of all is that in iron and steel, which amounts to about three-quarters of a million sterling compared with February of last year, and to 313,000*l.* compared with February 1880. It will be recollected that, in February 1880, the large purchases on American account which began in the autumn of 1879 still continued; and yet we find that the exports last month were larger than in February 1880, when the so-called "boom" in iron had not yet come to an end. More remarkable still, we find that the exports to the United States were actually larger last month than in February 1880, in some descriptions of iron and steel. Thus, railroad iron and steel were exported to the United States last month to the value of 152,902*l.*, against only 80,992*l.* in February 1880. Again, tin plates and sheets were exported to the United States last month to the value of 242,730*l.*, against 230,830*l.* in February 1880; while unwrought steel to the value of 124,844*l.* was exported to the United States last month against only 36,636*l.* in February 1880. It will be seen from these figures that the purchases of steel and iron by the United States are again increasing largely, and that our exports to all parts of the world must have expanded very greatly during the past two years. Turning now to the imports, we find last month a decrease in value of 3,643,378*l.*, as compared with February of last year, or about 9½ per cent. In February of last year, however, there was an increase in the imports of 10½ per cent., so that the falling off now leaves still an increase over February 1880. Moreover, the decrease now is almost wholly in raw cotton and wool, two articles imported in enormous quantities in February last year, the increase in the value of the cotton having been over two millions sterling. There is also, however, a falling off in articles of food, particularly tea, the decrease in which is about 389,000*l.*, and there is also a decrease in grain. Upon the whole, however, it is quite clear that the condition of the foreign trade last month was fairly satisfactory.

There seems little room for doubt, nevertheless, that some check has been given to trade, not only at home, but all over the Continent. The condition of the cotton trade, for example, is worse than it has been since 1879. The manufacturers of North and North-East Lancashire have agreed to restrict production by stopping work for twelve days during the six weeks ending with May 15, and a movement is on foot amongst the spinners of Oldham to adopt a similar course. There is a special reason, no doubt, for the unsatisfactory state of the cotton trade. During the famine in Southern India there was an immense decrease in the purchases of English cotton; but as soon as India began to recover from the effects of that disaster, the people made haste to replenish their wardrobes. The exports of cotton goods from Lancashire to India in consequence have been so large during the past three years that of late they have exceeded the purchasing power of the Indian population. The result is a glut in the Indian markets, and the home manufacturers, not finding an outlet for the goods they have produced, are in a difficulty. The difficulty is aggravated by the short



crop of cotton in the United States last year. Speculation in raw cotton both in Liverpool and in New York and New Orleans is so rampant, and the estimates of the yield of the harvest are so varying and confused, that it would be rash to venture an opinion as to what the deficiency in the crop was. But there seems no reason for doubt that the crop was deficient. In consequence, the price of the raw material has risen, while that of the manufactured goods, on account of the glut in the Indian markets, is falling; and thus the manufacturers find themselves with a constantly decreasing margin between what they have to pay and what they receive. Unfortunately, the cotton trade does not stand alone in its depression. The pig-iron trade also is in an unsatisfactory state. We saw above, in speaking of the Board of Trade Returns, that the exports of all kinds of steel and iron last month were larger even than those of February 1880, and considerably larger than those of February last year. Still there is a general complaint that the supply of pig-iron largely exceeds the demand, and that the stocks are in consequence increasing. It is undoubtedly true that the supply does to some extent exceed the demand; but the published figures do not show that great increase of stocks of which we sometimes hear. There is an increase, no doubt, in the Scotch stock; but there is, on the other hand, a decrease in the stocks of the Cleveland iron district. The make of pig-iron was less last month, and the shipments abroad increased, though the shipments coastwise fell off. In the course of the month there was, therefore, a falling off in the Cleveland stocks of iron of 6,772 tons. Nevertheless it is true that the trade is depressed. The price has been falling for several weeks, and is now lower than it has been for a considerable time, and the tone of the market reports and trade circulars is not cheerful. The chemical trades likewise are depressed; and, in general, the reports that reach us from all parts of the country are to the effect that trade is decidedly less active now than it promised to be at the end of last year. From abroad reports to the same effect are received. In Spain, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary there is an undoubted slackening, and the expectations that had been entertained of an extremely active and prosperous season are now giving place to disappointment. The Board of Trade Returns which we have noticed above show that, in the foreign trade of this country at least, the check had not made itself felt up to the end of the month, from which it seems clear that the depression, such as it is, exists rather in the home than in the foreign trade. It is curious that in February of last year there was a similar check. The Board of Trade Returns continued to show improvement; but all the ordinary indications of the state of trade at home pointed to a falling off. Last year, of course, the extremely bad weather was sufficient to account for the falling off; but this year the weather has been most favourable in every respect. Yet, in addition to the depression in iron and cotton, we have indications from the railway traffic returns that there is less activity than there was. The traffic receipts are maintained mainly by the augmented passenger traffic; the weather being so fine, passengers are able to travel in larger numbers than at this time last year. But the goods traffic shows signs of falling off. We have no doubt, however, that, as in February last year, the present slackening of trade will be found to be temporary—more temporary, we are inclined to hope, than at this time last year, for we think we see already evidences of recovery.

The causes of the falling off are clear enough. Foremost amongst them is the dearness of money. Towards the close of last year there was a steady drain of gold from various quarters which gradually reduced the stock held by the Bank of England to a dangerously low level. The panic that occurred in Paris in January took away a still larger amount, and the result was a sharp rise in the value of money. The Bank of England rate of discount, as our readers will recollect, was advanced to 6 per cent., and for a while the rate in the outside market was quite up to the Bank rate. Moreover, there was a general feeling that dear money would continue all through the year; and apprehensions were excited that the Bourse panic in Paris might lead to a financial panic, and might react seriously upon trade. Partly because of the dearness of money, actual and prospective, and still more because of the apprehensions excited by the Bourse panic in Paris, business men restricted their operations, and

anxiously strengthened their cash balances with their bankers. The dearness of money has now, however, come to an end, and for several months to come it is fairly probable that we shall have rather cheap money. The effects of the Bourse panic also are beginning to pass away. It is seen that none of the great establishments of credit were so deeply involved as to suffer seriously from the fall of prices. Confidence, consequently, is restored, and we may look for a rapid recovery in trade from the passing away of these clouds. A second cause of the check to trade was the war scare caused by General SKOBELEFF's speeches, by the breaking out of the insurrection in Herzegovina and Bosnia, and by the fall of the GAMBETTA Ministry. When it was seen that M. GAMBETTA was resolved to force his *Scrutin de liste* Bill through the French Legislature or to resign office, it was feared that the result might be a period of disturbance, and this checked business in France as well as in all the countries intimately connected with France. The breaking out of the insurrection in the provinces occupied by the Austro-Hungarian troops had likewise a depressing effect upon trade, as people recollected that the beginning of the war between Russia and Turkey was an insurrection in these same provinces; and therefore there was alarm as to what might follow. This alarm was heightened to a scare by the speeches of General SKOBELEFF. The recall of General SKOBELEFF to Russia has, however, relieved immediate apprehensions, and it is now hoped that Austria-Hungary will speedily put down the insurrection. Confidence is beginning to be felt in the maintenance of peace. If peace is maintained, and no further political alarms are excited, the revival which cheap money and good credit tend to bring about will be heightened by the restoration of political confidence. Lastly, the recovery of trade is greatly favoured by low wages and prices. Although the American food crops were very deficient last year, bread is exceedingly cheap; in fact, our supplies of wheat are as large now as they have ever been. And there is a probability that our supplies from the United States, greatly restricted as they have been for several months back, may be increased, and that the price of wheat may consequently fall. If this happens, the working classes will have a larger margin to spend upon other things than food, and ever so small a margin, when multiplied by the millions of working-class families, will give a great stimulus to trade. Moreover, though trade has now been improving for two and a half years, prices have risen wonderfully little; and the cheapness of the articles we have to sell enables us to compete successfully with all our rivals, and to supply foreigners with goods on better terms than they can obtain them at home or elsewhere. The lowness of wages is also favourable, since it enables the manufacturers to continue producing cheaply. There is a tendency, no doubt, to a rise both in wages and prices, and such a rise will be fully justified if trade improves as it seems likely to improve, for there is no reason why the working classes should not share in the general prosperity; but as yet the rise has not been such as to affect our ability to sell cheaply in the markets of the world.

#### THE NAVY.

THE first volume of Sir Thomas Brassey's work on *The British Navy*, which has just been published by Messrs. Longman & Co., appears at a very opportune time. Even more than usual interest is now felt in the fleet, which is our sole real defence against invasion. Some of those trying persons who nullify the best catchwords, expose the happiest claptrap, and show the emptiness of the most admired phrases, have been at work and have displayed their usual disregard for time-honoured expressions and revered sentences, and their usual surly fondness for facts. It has been a great deal more than whispered that, so far from being a match for any two European navies, ours is not at this moment a match for that of one great European Power; and in support of this allegation some clear and very disquieting statements have been made. Whether these statements are exaggerated or not is a question which must interest even the most obstinately inert who accept the invincibility of the British navy as an article of belief, and are not usually inclined to listen to the insidious reasoners who ask them if they do well thus to believe. Few can be more competent to give trustworthy and valuable information on this subject than Sir Thomas Brassey, who has devoted so much time to the study of British and other naval armaments. It is likely, therefore, that the elaborate volume, illustrated by every possible kind of drawing and plan, which he has just published, will, despite its portentous size, be read with far more general interest than would, under

ordinary circumstances, be felt in a work which is necessarily of a somewhat minute and technical character.

It is not merely, however, for information regarding our actual comparative strength that Sir Thomas Brassey's very valuable compilation should be studied. Neither the question of our naval supremacy, nor the yet more interesting question of how to remedy inferiority, if we are inferior, can be properly discussed—indeed the latter cannot be discussed at all—without some consideration of the manner in which the British and other navies have been developed since the introduction of armour plating and iron shipbuilding, and of the direction in which progress seems now to be made. Examination of the recent history of the navy, and of the latest improvements in the construction of vessels of war, ought to precede the comparison of actual strength, as without attention to past and present changes comparison cannot be properly made. To the history of the construction of ironclads up to the present date we propose, therefore, now to confine ourselves, reserving for a future time the consideration of what is called our naval supremacy. In dealing with the history of ironclad shipbuilding, Sir Thomas Brassey has, with due acknowledgment, availed himself of the labours of his predecessors. Mr. King's book in particular he has, with the author's permission, "almost incorporated" in his own, and other writers have been laid largely under contribution; while a great mass of valuable information has been obtained from the descriptions given in the *Times*. The result is that a minute and fairly methodical account of the progress of war-shipbuilding since the introduction of armour is given, and the remarkable record shows how enormous, owing to constant transition, has been the difficulty of maintaining a really efficient fleet. Of all the great changes which have been of late introduced in various kinds of work, none have been so rapid, so numerous, and so radical as those that have taken place in the method of constructing ships and vessels of war.

The French, as has so often been pointed out, were first in the field. They first suggested floating batteries plated with iron, and began in 1858 the first armoured frigate, *La Gloire*, built of wood and ironclad. England followed with the *Warrior*, constructed entirely of iron, with the exception of the teak backing. The *Defence*, *Resistance*, and *Black Prince* were next commenced, and were perhaps as well designed as any vessels could be in the then state of knowledge; but nevertheless England got woefully behind, and in the beginning of 1861 France was, as she is now alleged to be again, decidedly ahead. What happened after this inferiority had been made manifest is well worthy of remembrance. The Admiralty awoke from its lethargy, acted with great energy, and, as soon as might be with such slow work as ironclad shipbuilding, the French were surpassed. In 1861 the construction of no less than eleven ironclads was begun. Existing wooden vessels were also converted into armoured ships, and in 1865 England possessed a considerable armoured fleet, and was more than the equal of France. And not merely in the number, but also in the construction, of vessels did the English Admiralty beat its rivals. Sir E. Reed, who of late years seems scarcely to have done so well as he did earlier, was appointed Chief Constructor, and introduced some very important improvements in the method of building armoured ships. The *Hercules*, designed by him, which was launched in 1868, had better all-round fire than any other man-of-war then afloat; and in the *Sultan* Sir E. Reed improved on the *Hercules*, though unfortunately he hardly gave the vessel sufficient stability. He also designed in 1867 smaller ironclads of the type known as the *Audacious* class, which, in one most valuable quality—steadiness in a seaway—have, we believe, never been surpassed. The central battery, or modified broadside, class to which these vessels belonged, may be said to have culminated in 1875 when the *Alexandra* was launched. Wonderful was the change that had been made in the fifteen years which had passed since the launch of the *Warrior*. That vessel was merely a frigate plated with four and a half inches of iron, and carried a broadside battery similar in arrangement to that of a sailing frigate. Some of the *Alexandra's* armour was twelve inches thick. Her guns, fewer in number than those of the other vessel, were enormously superior in strength, and she had a complete all-round fire, as four of them, including the two heaviest, could be fired right ahead or right astern. But, admirably designed as this vessel was, and great as was the advance in construction which she indicated, there were signs at the time of her completion that she belonged to a class which was likely within a short period to be superseded. The merits of the turret-ship were gradually recognized. First, two monitors which were seized in 1864 were bought by the Government, and then the *Royal Sovereign* and *Prince Albert* were equipped. In 1865 Captain Cowper Coles, who had ingenuity enough to strike out an entirely new line, but had not, unfortunately, the knowledge necessary for designing and constructing a great vessel, succeeded in persuading the reluctant Admiralty to build a turret-ship, and the *Monarch* was begun. Captain Coles, not satisfied with her design, obtained permission to construct the *Captain*, of the loss of which, owing to want of the requisite stability, it is unnecessary to speak. After these two vessels were begun, it became clear by degrees to competent observers that greater fighting power could be obtained from vessels of this type than from central-battery or broadside ships. The Admiralty was cautious at first, confining their efforts, after having the *Monarch* designed, to coast-defence vessels with fixed turrets. Within a comparatively short time, however, it grew certain that the country must have large sea-going vessels of the new type;

and in 1869 the *Devastation*, which was a great improvement on the *Monarch*, was begun. Her design, which underwent some important changes while the vessel was still building, was followed in that unfortunate ship the *Thunderer*, on board which happened two terrible accidents little likely to be forgotten. After this vessel came the *Dreadnought*, which exceeded her in size, in speed, and slightly in offensive strength. The *Temeraire*, begun in 1873, belonged both to the turret and the other class, as she had turrets and a central battery. Since the laying down of this vessel and of the *Alexandra* no central-battery vessels have, as Sir T. Brassey points out, been constructed for the British navy, although three ships of this type were bought from the Turkish Government in 1878.

While, however, the advantage of turret-ships over vessels of the older kind was growing manifest, it also gradually grew manifest to some skilled men that a considerable change in the turret-ships themselves was becoming necessary. To meet the constantly increasing power of guns, thicker and thicker armour was needed. It appeared to some naval architects that the only way of getting protection for the cannon of a great turret-ship and for her vital parts was to have a considerable portion of her completely unarmoured, concentrating, so to speak, the defensive strength on the towers and on the hull amidships. This idea was carried out in the great Italian vessels *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, and in the *Inflexible*. The last-named vessel has what has been called a central citadel, protected to some distance below the water-line. Her ends are totally unprotected, and it is supposed, on very good grounds, that, even if they were riddled with shot, the ship would still have buoyancy and fair stability, as, owing to much subdivision and to cork walls, the ends would not become completely water-logged. In this vessel, as in the Italian ships, a great improvement was made by placing the two turrets *en echelon*, so as to obtain fire from all the guns right ahead or right astern. The design of the *Inflexible* was followed in the *Agamemnon* and *Ajax*, now being completed, and, with some improvements, in the steel *Colossus*, which is to be launched on the 21st inst., and in the *Majestic*, which is building at Pembroke.

So rapid, however, is the change in naval construction made necessary by the terrific strength of modern ordnance, that it now seems doubtful whether even these vessels, just finished or in process of construction, represent the best type, and whether a new departure must not be made. Mr. Barnaby, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, who certainly has looked as far ahead as any man of his time, is supposed to have thought some time ago that it might not be found advisable to give up armour for the hull altogether, and to protect the guns only, making the vital parts safe by an armoured deck below the water-line. This method of construction has not, however, as yet been followed in this country, and, doubtless, if it had been followed, there would have been an outcry before which the Admiralty itself must have quailed; but the Italian constructors, who are free from popular criticism, and are the most enterprising, not to say rash, of modern shipbuilders, have had no misgivings on the subject. In their great ships, the *Lepanto* and *Italia*, which surpass all other ironclads in size, they have entirely abandoned side armour. Of these two extraordinary vessels Sir T. Brassey gives a very full description, which cannot be read without somewhat uncomfortable feelings by Englishmen, as it is not so clear as could be wished that either of them would not make short work of the *Inflexible*. They are of 13,851 tons displacement, and their engines ought to develop 15,000 indicated horse-power, giving a speed of sixteen knots. They will carry four 100-ton breech-loading Armstrong guns, which will be at a height of 32 feet above the water. These are to be placed on turn-tables protected by a diagonal or, as it is called, *echeloned* casemate, covered with armour apparently about thirty inches thick. The shaft leading from below to the casemate is armoured, and the magazine and engines are protected by a deck plated with three inches of armour  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet below the water-line. "It will thus be seen," to quote the words of Mr. King, who is Sir T. Brassey's authority, "that armour is only used to keep out shot and shell from the engines and boilers, the magazines, shell-room spaces, and the channels leading therefrom to the upper decks; and to protect the guns in the casemate when not elevated above the battery." "But all other parts of the ship above the armoured decks, all the guns not in the casemate, and all persons not in the casemate, or below the armoured decks, will be exposed to the enemy's projectiles." Safety from being sunk by the enemy's shot will, it is thought, be secured by the vessel being divided into a great number of watertight cells, and, seemingly also, by her having walls of cork, like those of the *Inflexible*.

Have the Italians judged rightly before making their tremendous venture, and are the English and the French constructors, who in this matter are at one with their rivals, wrong in adhering to side armour for protection of the vital parts? Has another great change in the construction of fighting ships of the first class been shown to be necessary, or have the bold designers of the *Italia* and *Lepanto* been foolhardy? These questions are very hard to answer, since happily there is at present no practical experience to appeal to, but answered they should be, as decisively as modern knowledge allows; for, if it be shown that the British navy is not so strong as that of France, it is certainly not desirable that an effort should be made to surpass her by building a number of vessels which will be obsolete before they are launched. We have endeavoured, in a brief and necessarily very imperfect sketch,



to show how rapidly naval construction has advanced in our time, how constant has been the change. In any attempt to compare the armed force of two countries, it is advisable to consider not merely their actual strength of vessels at sea, but also whether the constructors of one or both are following the right path or not; for it is not altogether impossible that, when a great change seems imminent, an Admiralty may do well to risk something by remaining comparatively inactive, rather than risk the construction of a fleet which, when ready, may be but half efficient. From Sir T. Brassey's excellent and comprehensive volume the reader will be able to learn in the fullest detail the successive variations in the types of ironclads, how the present form has been reached, and the nature of the latest departure. The advisableness of imitating the *Italia* and *Lepanto* he will not learn much about, for Sir T. Brassey keeps his own counsel as becomes a Lord of the Admiralty; but we should not be greatly astonished to hear before long that their type has been to some extent accepted, and that certain improvements on it have been devised. That things will not, in any case, be left to take care of themselves, is happily evident from the statement made by Lord Northbrook on Thursday night.

#### HELEN OF TROY.

THE figure of Helen of Troy is at once the most mysterious and the most attractive of all the "daughters of dreams" who people ancient romance. The problem is to reconcile the grace, melancholy, and sweetness of her character with the wide ruin which her adventures brought, not on Troy alone, but on the old heroic Achaean world. It is plain enough that the war about Troy broke up the ancient order; the heads of the kingly houses fell in the leaguer or on the return to Argos, and their sons but ill continued the noble traditions. After Agamemnon and Odysseus we come, at best, to little men and *Epigoni*, to Telemachus and Orestes. In another generation the gods will have left their familiar life with mortals; the Dorians will be at the gates; the voice of the morose and querulous people will make itself heard in the song of Hesiod. Perhaps there never was any war round windy Troy. But, if no such movement as that which hurled the West against Asia ever occurred, it is strange that the tradition of an unphilosophic age should have assigned to the war exactly the effects which such a strife must necessarily have produced.

The siege of Troy was the Crusades of extreme antiquity. After the siege, or after the Crusades, an age of faith and of settled customs broke up and ended. Foreign influences came in, the good old times were over. So close is the analogy that French folklore assigns to a Crusader the story of the returning Odysseus. Helen and her beauty were thus the cause of the ruin of a world, and the poets who sang of her fortunes were no more insensible than Obermann to *le regret d'un monde*. Yet it is only in later documents, in a greatly changed society, that we find the poets blaming Helen. Stesichorus was the first who spoke harshly of her, and even Stesichorus recanted. It seems that in his epic on "The Sack of Troy," Stesichorus had a passage which strangely recalls a story familiar to all Christian readers. Troy had fallen. The captives had been apportioned. Menelaus brought Helen to be tried for her sins by the common voice of the host, and set her in the midst. She was condemned to the punishment of the adulteress—stoning. One by one the soldiers forgot their thirst for revenge; one by one they dropped the stones they had gathered, and stole away. Beauty had saved Helen, as her accusers' sense of their own sin saved the woman taken in adultery. After writing the poem in which this passage occurred, Stesichorus became blind, and was healed in a strange way. When the Locrians marshalled their lines for battle, they always left an open space in the centre for their hero, Aias, son of Oileus. One Leonymus of Croton attempted to break through the Locrian ranks by this open space, and was wounded by an invisible spear. His hurt would never heal, and the Delphian oracle bade him seek the sacred Isle of Leuka, where Aias himself would cure the wound. In Leuka Leonymus found the old heroes living, and Helen in that land was the wife of Achilles. She bade him carry to Stesichorus the message that he must recant the error of his early poem, and thereon Stesichorus wrote the famous palinode:—

οὐκ ἔστ' ἔτυμος λόγος οὗτος—

"That story is not true, for never didst thou fare in the well-timbered ships, never didst thou come to the towers of Troy."

From this old myth it seems plain that, as late as the time of Stesichorus, the character of Helen was respected by poets. Euripides treats her with contempt in some passages; he makes her a tricky rhetorician in the *Troades*. In the *Helen* he falls back on the tale invented by Stesichorus, and declares that a phantom took Helen's place in the land of the Trojans. The chorus in the *Agamemnon* overwhelms with reproaches the memory of Helen. In the *Aeneid* Virgil treats Helen with what, we fear, must be called his usual want of chivalry. She skulks, and hides herself during the sack of Troy:—

*Abdiderat sese, atque aris invisæ sedebat.*  
Aeneas saw her, and lost his temper—*furiata mento ferebam*. But Venus rescued Helen from the sword of pious Aeneas. The divided opinion about Helen continued to the last days of Greek poetry. The better the poet the nobler his conception of Helen.

Thus Quintus Smyrnaeus, the latest epic voice of Greece, writes how Helen, after the sack of Troy, was led by Menelaus to the ships; the other women wept, "but Helen did not lament—nay, sweet shame made his home in her dark eyes, and reddened her cheeks; like Cypris she seemed, like her in beauty and in modesty she followed with the Trojan women, captives of the spear, to the well-built ships of the Argives. And around her the hosts marvelled and were amazed, beholding the grace of the blameless lady and her loveliness. Nor did any man dare openly or secretly to assail her with insult. Nay, as a goddess did they behold her gladly, and dear and desirable she seemed in the eyes of all—dear as in the sight of their own country to men long wandering upon the restless sea. And glad as sailors saved from the tumult of the deep were the Danaï beholding her, and no more memory had they of their long toil and weary, nor of the din of battle, of such spirit were they, through the art of Cytherea, out of her favour to Helen and to Father Zeus." Contrast with this the conception of Helen entertained by Coluthus, a writer as late as Quintus Smyrnaeus, but entirely without his Homeric inspiration. The Helen of Coluthus is simply *la belle Hélène* of the modern French stage; a light-hearted flirt who falls in love with the long perfumed locks which Paris tends so carefully, and who is anxious to throw the blame on "fatality."

Ἐφομαι ὅς Κυθίρεα γάρων βασιλεῖα κεύει.

In studying the Helen of later poets, we are in danger of forgetting the only true Helen, the Helen of Homer. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to determine how Homer really understood the character of Helen. He always speaks of her with the most perfect courtesy. But then Homer never speaks uncourtously of any woman, and he has even a good word for Clytemnestra. Again, Homer, and such of his characters as Priam, always attribute the fault of Helen (if fault there was) to the Gods. "Nowise blamable to me art thou," says Priam; "nay, now it is the Gods that are to blame, who roused against me this woful war of the Achæans." But Homer attributes all the worse actions of men, and even their passing impulses, to the direct suggestions of the Gods. If Hector "fights cunning," as he often does, and keeps out of the fiercest strife, it is because the Gods have sent him a command to choose discretion before valour. The ancients debated much as to whether Helen was carried away by force or followed Paris willingly. Herodotus seems to settle this problem with his famous "If the women had not wished it, they never would have been carried off." Meanwhile Helen is always ready to blame herself. "Her self-debasing and self-renouncing humility," says Mr. Gladstone, "comes nearer perhaps than any other heathen example to the type of Christian penitence." Sir John Lubbock, for his part, advances a very singular solution of the problem of Helen. She is always treated with the utmost deference in Homer, though she complains that Hector and Priam are her only friends. In the *Odyssey* Helen reappears as the honoured wife of Menelaus. She is even compared to the purest of all goddesses. "Helen came forth from her fragrant chamber like Artemis of the golden arrows." Sir John Lubbock suggests that, as Paris certainly eloped with Helen, Helen was regarded as "legally married, and guilty of no crime." It was a case of "marriage by capture." Sir John Lubbock forgets, apparently, that Helen was married already, before the "capture" in question. We are not acquainted with any customs which make the act of running away with a man's wife a legal "marriage by capture." Again, marriage by capture is unknown to Homer. The heroes procured mistresses, indeed, at the sacking of the subject-towns of Troy. But "wedded wives" were always purchased, either by *ἔδνα*—marriage-price—or by some conspicuous service rendered to the father or family of the bride. Thus Sir John Lubbock's well-meant effort to make Helen an honest woman seems quite inconsistent with Homeric custom.

As far as we can understand Homer's Helen, she seems a character unique in his poetry. She is, in fact, the bond-slave of Aphrodite, who drives her into the arms of Paris by actual terror. "Anger me not," cries the goddess, "lest I hate thee even as now I greatly love thee . . . and thou perish by an evil fate. So spake she, and Helen was afraid." She had just asked the goddess whether she was to be driven to Phrygia or Meonia, or wherever Aphrodite had a darling among men. She had told Aphrodite to seek Paris herself if she loved him so, "and be with him till he make thee his wife or his slave." But, in spite of her daring, the anger of the goddess quells her, and she drifts back into the life which she detests, as she says in the sixth book of the *Iliad*. "Would that the wind had borne me forth into the wave of the loud-sounding sea, ere ever these things came to pass." Yet much as she loathes her life with Paris, and good cause as she has to blame the direct violence of Aphrodite, Helen always takes all blame on herself, "shameless woman that I was."

Helen's beauty, sweetness, and melancholy are not ill rewarded by Homer. She does not die strangled by a jealous woman, as in the late legend adopted by the author of the *Epic of Hades*. No more violence comes into her legend when Troy has once fallen. The deathless gods will convey her "to the Elysian plain and the world's end, where is Rhadamanthus of the fair hair, where life is easiest to men. No snow is there, nor yet great storms, nor any rain; but always Ocean sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill west wind to blow cool on men." Thither Helen passed without dying, being the daughter of Zeus. When we last see her in Homer she is performing an act of courteous kindness. Telemachus is leaving her house for Ithaca, and Helen gives him a robe of curious work, "and it shone like a star." "Lo," she said, "I give

thee this gift, a memorial of the hands of Helen, against the day of thy desire, even of thy bridal, for thy bride to wear it." Then she prophesies of the safe return of Odysseus. So we take leave of her, with a gift in her hand and kind words on her lips. In Homer we see no more of Helen, of

The face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burned the topless towers of Ilium.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD CLAUD HAMILTON.

IT is said that every man has his mission in life, and that if he hits upon it, all is well with him. There are grounds for thinking that one at least of the missions in life which have been assigned to Lord Claud Hamilton is to expose in a peculiarly successful manner the intellectual and ethical characteristics of the House of Gladstone. If he set himself in any deliberate manner to this task, his singular and quite unexampled good fortune would not be half so remarkable. But Lord Claud, in reference to Messrs. Gladstone *père et fils*, appears to have the accidental, as well as the infallible, qualities of a touchstone or a divining-rod. He speaks of things in general, and makes reference, as hundreds of other people make reference, to the greater or the lesser light—the member for Midlothian or the member for Leeds. Infallibly and fatally the subject of his remarks picks up the reference, and is "left prevaricating," if we may be excused for a rather blunt description of the actual state of the case. It is not so many weeks since Mr. Herbert Gladstone made that singular exhibition of himself (in reference to a story awfully told on hearsay by Lord Claud Hamilton), since which his voice has not been heard in the land. Bygones may be allowed to be bygones in this matter, except that it is necessary to recall to readers that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, having indignantly, and "on a hault courage," denied that he ever concealed his surname at Killarney, finally confessed that he had so concealed it at Cork—or *vice versa*. Last Monday Lord Claud Hamilton was discussing the Irish land question, and casually remarked that Mr. Gladstone had "applied the phrase 'apprehensions of an old woman' to Lord Grey's warnings respecting Liberal policy in Ireland." We take the report of the incident, in order to be quite safe, from the *Daily News* of Tuesday. Then said Mr. Gladstone, "Where was that?" The junior member for Liverpool informed him that it was "in Midlothian." Mr. Gladstone, who perhaps had not got over the Bradlaugh division, replied with emphasis, "Never." Instead of entering into a wrangle, Lord Claud rejoined that he would bring a report of the speech to which he referred the next day, and show it to Mr. Gladstone, and here for the time the incident terminated.

Next day it was duly resumed. Lord Claud Hamilton rose in his place and stated that he had gone through the revised and published speeches of Mr. Gladstone in the Midlothian campaign without finding the remark in question. He had, however, found, in referring to the *Times*, a speech "which had been carefully eliminated" from the published speeches, and of this he read an extract. It appeared from this that Mr. Gladstone said "he did not agree with Lord Grey as to the enormity of the danger. There was a great deal of difficulty still to apprehend in the state of Ireland; but as to the apprehension that the people of Ireland wanted to tear Ireland from its connexion with this country, he told them frankly that he did not share it. He put it away as an old woman's apprehension. Not that he wanted to apply the term old woman to any person. He employed it strictly to qualify the character of the apprehension." That is to say, Lord Claud Hamilton substantiated his statement in the fullest manner possible. Lord Grey had written a letter arguing that the abolition of the Irish Church (abolition is Mr. Gladstone's word, not ours), and the reform of the Irish Land Laws, had brought about the danger of a certain state of things. Mr. Gladstone said that the apprehension of that danger was the apprehension of an old woman. But he did not want anybody to put Lord Grey under the pump; he only wanted to state that the character of Lord Grey's thoughts was the character of the thoughts of a person who ought to be pumped upon. Now this extract, the correctness of which is not denied (though Mr. Gladstone says that more ought to have been quoted, of which anon), is sufficiently—we must not, we suppose, say discreditable—but significant in itself. It expresses, as clearly as anything can well do, the state of mind of a man who either wishes to call names but dares not, or else calls them and immediately afterwards is afraid of what he has done. But there was room for more touches of black to be added to the picture, and Mr. Gladstone considerably rose to give them. He began by remarking that Lord Claud Hamilton had said that he, Mr. Gladstone, took pains to eliminate the speech. If this be so, it is odd that both the *Times* and the *Daily News* report Lord Claud as having said that the speech "had been carefully eliminated." It might perhaps have been better if he had not said this, but at any rate he brought no personal charge in saying it. It is cheerful to imagine the rage and indignation of Mr. Gladstone if such a garbling of one of his own speeches had been attempted as that which he here practised on Lord Claud. Then he proceeded to say that the member for Liverpool had accused him of describing the warnings of Lord Grey as "the utterances of an old woman." Lord Claud Hamilton corrected this to "apprehensions." Thereupon Mr. Gladstone said scornfully, "It does not signify which. He takes the report to the letter against me, but not against himself." Now as to taking reports to the letter, the names Cork and Killarney seem to

whisper themselves to the mind. But, unluckily for Mr. Gladstone, the letter of the report in a paper so little likely to be unfavourable as the *Daily News* is against him and in favour of Lord Claud Hamilton. Next on this point, though the *Times* has "utterances," Mr. Gladstone proceeded to complain of Lord Claud, because when he, Mr. Gladstone, had said he had done nothing of the kind, Lord Claud Hamilton had not "followed the usual course and expressed regret at having fallen into an error." "The usual course" is something of an oratorical triumph even for a practised debater of fifty years' standing. It certainly would be very convenient if a simple disclaimer could make further proceedings impossible. But as, unfortunately, Lord Claud was not in error at all, it seems unreasonable even for a Heaven-born Minister to expect that he should express regret at having fallen into error. To resume, Mr. Gladstone entered into some highly interesting, but not particularly relevant, details as to the meeting at which this inconvenient remark was made. It was not, it seems, a large meeting, it was not a public meeting, but it had a privacy and a closeness which seem to have been very favourable, first, to indiscreet utterance, and, secondly, to the suppression of that utterance afterwards. However, the suppression is immaterial. We do not understand that Mr. Gladstone quarrels with the *Times*' report. But he divides it. Up to "enormity of the danger" he was speaking of Lord Grey. Beyond "enormity of the danger" he was not speaking of Lord Grey at all. "I went on to deal with the apprehension which I did not say that Lord Grey had expressed. I am not at all sure that he did express it. I hardly believe that he expressed it." We are not fond of italics, but they cannot be dispensed with here. It was that apprehension which Mr. Gladstone called an old woman's apprehension; and then, fearful that it might be applied to Lord Grey (which, indeed, was not wonderful, considering that the whole letter on which Mr. Gladstone had been commenting went to urge this identical apprehension), Mr. Gladstone qualified it by that remarkable saving clause about "any person" which has been quoted. But, oddly enough, he then proceeded to say (and acknowledged that he said), "I have now done with Lord Grey," though it appears from his own account that he had done with Lord Grey for nobody knows how long, and had gone off into the wilderness after hypothetical old women who felt apprehensions which he hardly thinks Lord Grey expressed. He was "most anxious about his personal respect for Lord Grey." "If he had said anything that might hurt or wound him" (it naturally would not hurt Lord Grey to be called an old woman) "he would wish it retracted." We have the utmost pleasure in acknowledging a profound belief in that last phrase. We have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone did wish it retracted, and all honour to him. Only, perhaps, it might have been better still if he had never said "it," and best of all if, having said "it" as plainly as words taken in their context can speak, he had not denied "it" two years afterwards.

It is not easy to describe the peculiar sensation produced by these exercises of Mr. Gladstone's on the mind of the observer. There was not the remotest reason either for Mr. Gladstone to challenge what seems to be Lord Claud Hamilton's perfectly correct statement, or for his son to pick up what seems to have been an idle story, founded upon a true statement, in such a way as to put himself in the wrong. If the latter had simply held his tongue; if Mr. Gladstone, instead of arguing that "I have now done with Lord Grey," means "I had done with Lord Grey some time ago, and have now done with somebody else," instead of distinguishing between the apprehensions which, he hardly believes Lord Grey expressed, and the dangers of which he frankly admits Lord Grey expressed his fear—instead of putting himself in the wrong by charging Lord Claud Hamilton with what he did not say, and quibbling about small meetings and large meetings, and the admirable reporter who reported him in the first person, and the bad fellow who reported him in the third, had said, "Well, there was some confused language of mine at a private meeting, which I never revised, and which seemed so doubtful to myself, that I qualified and half withdrew it when it had slipped out, but I was sorry for it then, and so I am now"—nobody would have thought anything more about the matter. The unkindest thing that any one could have said would have been that incontinence of tongue is an awkward failing for a Prime Minister, whether in *esse* or in *posse*. As it is, Mr. Gladstone has given one more instance, unfortunately not the first by many, of the extraordinary principles which govern his assent to, and dissent from, propositions affecting himself and his words. Supposing (which is possible) that he had on Monday night actually forgotten this unlucky meeting, any man but himself would by the next day have anticipated Lord Claud—would have said "I find the noble Lord's reference is correct in terms, but I must call his attention to the apology for the words which I made immediately afterwards," and so would have closed the incident. But Mr. Gladstone waits till the accusation is established by chapter and verse, then rises, and at every word and every argument sinks himself deeper in the mire of evasion that does not succeed in evading and denial which simply confirms. It is a bad thing for any man to think that he can never be in the wrong; it is a bad thing for any man to juggle with words, and the meaning of words. But when the second weakness comes to the aid of the first, why then the inquirer may go the world round in vain for a completer example of *τὸ δὲ ἀληθὲς ψεύδος*, which gods and men alike were supposed to hate in the old-fashioned days of Socrates.



## DIOCESAN CONFERENCES.

THE Church of England has, since the revival of energy which has stamped the last half-century, been driven to take stock of the practical resources for self-government and internal growth which have come down to it from preceding generations of comparative apathy, and to adapt them as best it may to the changed circumstances of a very active and exacting epoch. This compulsion has, after all, not been such a great misfortune as a superficial critic might imagine. Englishmen thrive on difficulties; and the present difficulty has, on the one hand, called out much fertility of personal resource which might have lain dormant had the gift of a formal Church system been solemnly vouchsafed by superior authority; while, on the other side, the impediments incident to a condition of makeshift have proved in various ways to be a salutary check to headstrong changes. Moreover, the inward and personal growth of spiritual life which is the purifying element, or rather the very source of the existence, of any Church has probably been deepened by the inducement which external difficulties hold out to shy and self-communing minds to concentrate themselves on work for which they have only to ask their own leave.

The want which has made itself increasingly, and now imperiously, felt has been that of some machinery for joint deliberation between clergy and laity, both by the way of safety-valve or lightning-conductor and also as a great step to more or less of that legislation which so large an organization as the Church of England has a moral right to provide for its own wants, no less than the Wesleyans or any other recognized and powerful community. Legislation in the formal sense of the word presupposes recourse to Parliament for enabling powers, and must therefore, in the opinion of all reasonable judges, be self-excluded. But the borderland, under actual circumstances, of legislation by consent, stretching between mere declamation and statute-making, is very wide, while bodies which cannot directly make laws may, if they combine tact and courage, in a real and direct sense cause laws to be made. It is no answer to the claims of this growing want of co-operation along the whole Church line to point to the revived activity of Convocation, for the simple reason that Convocation, if it is to preserve its identity, must always continue to be, as by the constitution of the land it is, an assembly of clerics. To make it otherwise would be virtually to abolish it, while to abolish it formally because it was not something else which somebody else wanted would be purposeless destruction. The problem has all along been how to supplement, and not to supersede Convocation; to strengthen and not suppress it, by creating voluntary deliberative societies of clergy and laity which might range themselves beside and after the legal and constitutional personality of Convocation, and guide without domineering over its consultations by the ready expression of the public opinion of Churchmen, which they would collect and formalize with a direct view to the questions coming under the ken of the national Synod, and presumably also of Parliament.

The first experiment which adventurous Churchmen trusted themselves to make was that of Church Congresses, which have now assembled for more than twenty years. Excellent as these gatherings are for the diffusion of information, the creation of opinion, and the rubbing down of sharp angles, their composition excludes the possibility of putting any question to the test of a vote, which would have been, if not mischievous, certainly valueless, when taken in an assembly which had elected itself by the process of buying tickets. Something smaller, selected, not gregarious, and with vote as well as voice, was wanted, and in an Episcopal Church the diocese was the obvious area within which it must be set up. Bangor led the way, and these assemblies are now found in every diocese of England and Wales except London, Worcester, and Llandaff. In the extreme novelty of such institutions there was at first a little difficulty in finding an appropriate name. Synods were familiar enough, at least in books, to students of Church history, but a semi-lay assembly could not with propriety assume that august title, so it was generally decided to call these gatherings Conferences, under which appellation they have already taken to themselves no small proportion of the columns of the daily papers during the autumn. But the more real and active these provincial gatherings showed themselves, the more abundantly clear was it that for the influence arising out of their voluntary legislation to become relatively complete, one more step was needful, unless the leaders of Church opinion were prepared for the risk of seeing the Church of England break away into a group of self-opinionated and weakly cohering autonomies. Some central Council of Conferences had become a necessity, and the same energy which produced the Conferences themselves has now provided the complementary body. The Central Council, so called, has assumed formal existence, and nearly all the existing Conferences have contributed to it their representatives.

By another curious coincidence, the same day of this week witnessed the meeting in London of this new central body, and a gathering of representative laymen under the presidency of the Bishop of London, intended to create a Conference in that which is not only the most important of the dioceses in which none has yet been constituted, but also the chief of all the dioceses not only of England, but, we may assert, of the whole world. The Bishop of London is pre-eminently cautious in his policy, so that when he takes a plunge in any new

direction the inference must be that the reasons prompting him to such action are clear and strong. It is not asking our readers to look back many years when we invite them to picture to themselves, if they can, a Howley or a Blomfield presiding over a constituent assembly convoked to create an elected body of clergy and laity brought together to meet the Bishop face to face in the discharge of a common stewardship.

The very magnitude and variety of London make the work of constitution-making there peculiarly onerous, although, happily, the Bishop of London does not, like Mr. Firth, propose to begin his work by extirpating any existing institution for the sole offence of being in existence and doing its work with efficiency and honour. A peculiar difficulty, however, clogs the creation of a London Conference at what is perhaps its most important point—namely, the formation of the constituency which is to elect the lay members. We do not merely refer to such ordinary difficulties as less worthy majorities of merely nominal Church folks swamping more worthy minorities. Against this peril a process of double election has been devised. That which makes the peculiar and exceptional difficulty in London is that while, on the one side, the parochial system does and ought to continue to exist for many most important ends, yet the personal worship of individual Churchmen has for many years been largely congregational. The Bishop of London gave sensible reasons to show why this state of things naturally existed, and why the fact ought not to be regretted. As he pointed out, it was not to be supposed that a man who found himself for the convenience of his neighbours transferred to a new district church, would, *ipso facto*, desert the mother-church of which he was fond, and where he and his fathers had worshipped. The Bishop might add that a man whose lease of a house in Portman Square had expired could hardly be called on to change his church because he had transferred his residence to Grosvenor Square. Now those persons who worship by congregation and not by parish are among the most real, earnest, and hard-working of London Churchmen. They would gladly vote at the churches which they frequented and cared for; but they would feel that forcing a vote upon a church which they knew nothing about, and where they neither sought privileges nor incurred responsibilities, would be an impertinence and one from which they could gain no solid advantage. The elbow-room which congregationalism gives to healthy diversity of worship is not to be overrated. In the country, where parson and flock are sensible and conciliatory, the ritual must in most cases be a compromise. In London, where there is worship suited to all tastes to be had with very little trouble, and at a very easy distance, all variations of ceremonial which can in any way be squared with the tolerant limitations of the Prayer-book ought to secure a cheerful allowance of fair play. The scheme of the Bishop of London's primary constituency was, as propounded, strictly parochial, being the result, as he explained, of considerable perplexity on the part of its organizers. But he gave a friendly welcome to the notion of qualifying it by a provision enabling the congregational worshipper to renounce voting at the church to which he did not go, and to claim a vote instead at the one where he was an habitual worshipper, with proper safeguards enabling either incumbent to seek an authoritative decision from the ecclesiastical authorities upon his own complaint. With these precautions we do not think the liberty could be abused, and if in his Conference the Bishop of London could succeed in successfully compromising between the parochial and the congregational principle, he will show himself no mean benefactor to the Church.

Among the speakers at the meeting was Sir Richard Cross, who took occasion to offer two pieces of advice to Churchmen, which cannot be too carefully borne in mind by men who take a practical view of what is called the Church crisis. First, Churchmen were exhorted never to go to Parliament for anything which they could otherwise obtain; and, secondly, when resort must be had to Parliament, or the desired benefit be foregone, the test of wisdom in such search after legislative help must be that all sections of Churchmen are agreed upon the demand. Sir Richard Cross was not too sanguine when he argued on the general principle that, even with a Parliament constituted as the present one is, the unanimous demand of Churchmen could not fail to make itself very powerfully felt. The impulse of his rhetoric, indeed, made him imply that Churchmen would gain their point; but this was, of course, a figurative form of pressing his argument. On the other side, the spectacle of Churchmen airing their differences on the floor of a hostile assembly can only lead to the worst form of discomfiture—namely, that which leaves the defeated party not only unsuccessful but ridiculous. Churchmen will do wisely to concentrate their energies upon the practical conclusions which they can reach at Congresses, and Conferences, and Central Councils. They will have enough and to spare to do in checking the sort of Church legislation likely to emanate from a House of Commons elected under the din of Midlothian declamation.

## A NEW SOCIAL POWER IN COUNTRY TOWNS.

TOO little attention has hitherto been paid to one side of a promise made to Parliament before the close of last Session by the President and Vice-President of the Council, to the effect that there will be established at an early date a class of Sub-

inspectors of Schools, midway in position and emolument between the Inspectors and Inspectors' assistants whose doings are annually recorded in the educational Blue-books. The proposal having been looked at only from the educational point of view, sufficient value has not been attached to the fact that it will complete the important hierarchy whose Vatican is the Committee of Council in Whitehall. According to the Reports of the Committee issued a few weeks ago, there are in England and Wales 131 Inspectors, including 10 "senior" Inspectors and 124 Inspectors' assistants, while in Scotland there are 28 Inspectors, of whom 3 are "seniors" and 19 Inspectors' assistants. There is, then, already in existence in the kingdom a Civil Service upwards of 300 strong, the members of which are selected on the "nomination" or "patronage" principle, and who receive their appointments in nine cases out of ten because they have distinguished themselves at Oxford or Cambridge. Whatever may have been the original intention of the project—and it is hoped for one thing that it will give the deathblow to a long-standing "grievance" by enabling elementary teachers to rise out of as well as in their profession—the practical effect of it will be to add to the dignity of the Chief Inspectors, or the Brahmanical caste of the service. The Sub-inspectors will relieve their principals of a great deal of drudgery. They will do the Dryasdust work of preparing statistics. They will take over from them the alphabet and pothook examinations. They will probably have transferred to them the lion's share of that dreary travelling which Inspectors so much complain of, and which certainly gives them the appearance of educational bagmen. These superiors will now have more leisure. More leisure may mean a vast deal, but the very least that it means is increased facilities for acquiring social influence.

This great and growing social importance of H.M. Inspectors of Schools has hitherto been almost overlooked. The reason is not far to seek. We picture them too exclusively as the well-informed, well-bred men, with a little of the air of the clergyman, and a little, but a very little, of the air of the don, who are to be met with at select dinners and crowded "at homes" in London or the large provincial cities. In London, or even in Manchester or Glasgow, an Inspector lives in a crowd, and so is apt to be passed in it. It is in the small country town that he is seen to most advantage. It is, indeed, curious to note that, if we may judge from ordinary signs, the public seem to be altogether unaware of the fact, and much less of its social meaning, that in almost every small country town in Great Britain—in a place of the size of Aylesbury or Tring, Melrose or Elgin, not to speak of Liverpool and Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh—there is now permanently established an Inspector of Schools. Neither Miss Braddon nor Mr. Wilkie Collins has contrived to make a member of the new order marry or commit a murder for money. Mr. Black has not yet given us "Strange Adventures of an Inspector's Drag," although there have been many such, and although an Inspector to the north of the Caledonian Canal sees more Highland scenery and character in a year than can come within even Mr. Black's ken in a quarter of a century. In their "Studies of Provincial Life," the late George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mr. Anthony Trollope include clergymen, doctors, attorneys, schoolmasters, even country editors; but they have not yet shown the paces or the foibles of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Yet there are no men who are socially more powerful in country towns, or perhaps more welcome in country houses, than the members of this order. The fact that they are the supervisors and critics at once of teachers and of School Boards gives them a position unique in independence and authority. They and their reports are, in truth, the terror of provincial evil-doers, a praise and protection to them that do well. They are in universal social demand; and their lives might, if they chose, be one long round of dinners and evening parties. The Inspector is not only a University man; he receives his appointment in at least nine cases out of ten because he is an eminent University man. In culture, consequently, he is the superior of the curate and at least the equal of the rector; indeed some of the best known of the elder members of the service are in orders. The income of an Inspector is not to be despised. That of an ordinary "chief" ranges from 200*l.* to 800*l.*, of a "senior" from 700*l.* to 900*l.*. If he is energetic and ambitious, he may become an Examiner at Whitehall, an Assistant-Commissioner, a Professor in Manchester or Glasgow, nor need he altogether despair of a chair in Oxford or Cambridge. If he is of a literary turn, the distinguished example of Mr. Arnold proves to what purpose he may put his leisure and his talents. It is no wonder, then, that the curate should find his supremacy at croquet and lawn tennis disputed by the lay Inspector with his wider range of culture and his manlier talk, his more comfortable certainties and his less dubious expectations. It is no wonder that even the archdeacon moves uneasily in his chair when he finds his views of vintages and cigars disputed, his stories and quotations capped, by the accomplished man of the world who has not yet forgotten his Horace and his Æschylus, and who dines with the country gentlemen who are the chairmen of the rural Boards four days in seven. Some years ago, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace contributed a characteristically curious article to *Macmillan's Magazine*, suggesting that out of the funds of the disendowed Church of England there should be established in every parish a state-salaried representative and guardian of modern culture. What if it turns out that this proposal has already been given effect to, and without a social and ecclesi-

astical revolution—nay, with the Demos cordially approving of it, and seeing the necessary Parliamentary grant voted without a murmur?

It is, indeed, high time that the public was awakened to the existence of the new social powers established in its midst, for there is much danger that there will be in future no official record of their emotions and reflections. Two changes of the most ominous character have recently been quietly effected in the character of the annual educational Blue-books. They no longer contain a time-table indicating how H.M. Inspector spends each day of the year, how many miles he travels, how many days he devotes to private business or to recreation or to the writing of his Report, or for how long, as Lord Derby would say, he "affords an illness." Then, only a year ago, a circular was sent from Whitehall to each member of the order, warning him that he must simply state the facts that come under his notice on pain of having his Report sent back to him for revision, or even consigned to the departmental waste-paper basket as "a document not proper to be printed at the public expense." The chilling effect of this ukase is painfully visible in the Gradgrind dryness of the new Reports; even Mr. Arnold, chartered libertine of Whitehall though he is, scarcely ventures to make an epigram or offer an advice. We have, it is to be feared, seen the last of the days when Inspectors studded their reports with classical quotations or the blunders of nervous infants or worn-out pupil teachers, or with descriptions of scenery after the manner of Mr. Hardy, or reflections concerning men and things after the manner of A. K. H. B. After all, there is worse reading than these old Blue-books. How invigorating, for example, it was in these days, when the decay of the English race is discounted, to be told by an experienced country Inspector:—"Physically these children of the soil are an undeniably fine race. In Lincolnshire especially their fair hair, blue eyes, and large limbs remind us that they are descendants of the Angles whom Gregory saw in the slave market in Rome." Teachers of insignificant presence had a cubit added to their stature when they were compared by another to the bees in Virgil:—

*Ingentes animos pusillo in corpore versant.*

What a world of suggestion, too, was there in that experience of the Yorkshire Brahman! "I have at least one school in which little ones may be seen standing out towards the close of the morning or afternoon, not in order to be punished when school hours are over, but in order to be kissed by their mistress for being more than usually good." Or who will deny a command of the resources of pathos, if not also of bathos, to his Celtic colleague who wrote "There is something inexpressibly touching and encouraging in a sight one often sees in the worst weather of the year—little fellows with their fathers' blue trousers braced up to their chins, and girls, to whom their mothers' Sunday shawls are jacket and skirt in one, facing the Inspector in the proud consciousness of unimpeachable attendance, and of complete victory over 'tables' and all the 'spellings' in the book!" The educational Blue-books of the future may be eminently instructive as records of percentages, "passes," and other facts of national importance. But they will not be so entertaining as the old, nor such a revelation of social habits or of individual character.

But will the rural Inspector allow a mere departmental circular to freeze the genial current of his soul? Surely he will not permit the enthusiasm of that leisure, which the help of a sub-inspectorial staff will now materially increase, to run to seed, or, which would be still worse, to the collecting and retailing of after-dinner jocosities. Surely his ambition will tempt him to aim at a higher reputation than that of a rural table wit. If he is forbidden to soar in a Blue-book or at the public expense, can he not try his wings in a magazine or in a book? Really, when one thinks of the enormous inspectorial staff in existence in the country, and of the unrivalled opportunities its members have of making themselves acquainted with the special subject of education and the general subject of human character, one cannot but be surprised at the small figure they have made in literature. You can count on the fingers of one hand the Inspectors who have published anything considerable, or even inconsiderable. There are Mr. Arnold and Mr. Morell and Mr. Fitch and Mr. Blakiston. There is sometimes too to be seen in the lists of contributors to the smaller magazines, the name of "W. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools"; and this is the gentleman, we presume, who in the interests of "Æsthetic Education," once suggested to the Department the hanging up of pocket-handkerchiefs in large numbers from the ceilings of schoolrooms. There may be some excuse for this poverty in inspectorial literature now, but there will be none when the Sub-inspectors are at work. Even if the country Inspector does not or cannot produce a philosophical treatise on education, there are fifty other ways in which he can employ his pen for the public pleasure and his own profit. The Department may ruthlessly massacre his quotations and meditations; but it cannot prevent him from editing a classic, or writing a poem, or publishing a novel, which his good taste would doubtless induce him to confine within the limits of one volume. If nature has given him no capacity for depicting the skies or the oddities of his district, may she not allow him to write essays on the conduct of life after the manner of Mr. Emerson, or of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, or of A. K. H. B.? May he not muse on destiny and duty like Marcus Aurelius among the Quadi, even if he does not give us such exquisite globules of homœopathic ethics as the Emperor? Schopenhauer and Mr. Grant Duff have pronounced



Balthasar Gracian to be the greatest maxim-maker in the world; and yet the eminent Jesuit and educator of the sixteenth century had no such opportunities of observing men as has the rural Inspector of the present day. But our English Brahman ought to know his own powers and the rôle most suited to them. It is enough for an observer to remark that he is expected to turn to good account that time and those opportunities which will soon be his in increased abundance. He was created by Parliament to be, like the Waverley nib, "a boon and a blessing to men." It is sincerely to be trusted that he will be spared what Carlyle pronounces the misery of miseries—the misery of being weaker than one's task.

#### AN AMERICAN VIEW OF PROTESTANTISM.

MR. JOHN FISKE, who contributes to the *North American Review* a paper on "the True Lesson of Protestantism," appears to be a writer ambitious of philosophical fame. He has published works on "Cosmic Philosophy," on "the Positive Philosophy," and on "the Unseen World." And if he had simply come forward as a philosopher to express his opinion about the future of Protestantism, there would have been nothing very remarkable in his expressing either a favourable or unfavourable verdict. The question has been discussed *ad extra* from very opposite points of view, and both Roman Catholic and Rationalistic critics have arrived at conclusions perilously akin to that laid down, if we rightly understand him, by Mr. Fiske. It has been said again and again, whether for praise or blame, that the French Revolution, in its intellectual aspect as introducing, according to De Maistre, "a new religion," was the second act of the Reformation, and Voltaire and the Encyclopedists the natural successors of Luther; we might almost say for once that "every schoolboy" is familiar with the old distich about the destruction of Babylon, and the part taken by Luther, Calvin, and Socinus in hastening the final consummation. And of course it is true, as Mr. Lecky says, that Continental Protestantism has gravitated towards Rationalism with a rapidity which excites the greatest hope in some and the greatest alarm in others. But then the people who have said these things have not usually been very friendly to Protestantism under any form, as a religious system; they have either desired to show that it was a fatal mistake to desert the old paths at the Reformation, or to show that the Reformers, while they did a better work than they knew or intended for the cause of human liberty, did not in fact go nearly far enough, and that the last word of the controversy against Rome is Agnosticism. That is a perfectly intelligible view in the mouth of either Roman Catholic or Agnostic; we may disapprove, or undertake to refute it, but it is plausible and coherent, and has a good deal to say for itself. There is also of course a good deal to be urged against it, and it would certainly be convenient in the first place to have "Protestantism" a little more clearly defined, because if the term is to include every form of Christianity outside the pale of Rome—which is Mr. Fiske's use of it—we may find ourselves arguing from what the logic books call "an undistributed middle." However that is not the question we propose to discuss here. The peculiarity of Mr. Fiske's position is that while he says, or seems to say, very much what those rival assailants of Protestantism have said before him, he writes not simply as a philosopher, but as a Protestant philosopher; we do not say as an orthodox Protestant, because orthodoxy is an idea he would repudiate as the "remnant of primitive barbaric thought," but certainly as one wishing well and looking forward with confident hope to the future of the Protestant religion. That it could have any future at all on his hypothesis is a notion which appears to us to spring from the strangest confusion of thought, and his method of argument is hardly less remarkable than his conclusion. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

The article opens with the undeniably accurate statement that "the immediate consequence of Luther's successful revolt was the formation of a great number of little Churches, each with its creed as clear-cut and thoroughly dried as the creed of the great Church from which they had separated," and each asserting its own dogmas to be essential to salvation. This multiplication of new sects has gone on down to the present time, but is not likely to continue hereafter, because "the foremost men are no longer heresiarchs, but free-thinkers, each on his own account," and do not therefore care to found new sects. The latter half of the nineteenth century will be known to future historians as "the era of the decomposition of orthodoxies," for people no longer take the trouble to move from one communion to another, but modify their beliefs while remaining where they are, and thus "the orthodoxy of every Church is gradually but surely losing its consistency." And this holds good as well of the teachers as the taught:—

An eminent Congregationalist minister in Connecticut, some few years since, was asked why he did not go over to the Unitarians, inasmuch as he not only kept Strauss and Renan in his library, but even loaned them to young men, and publicly eulogized Herbert Spencer, and went so far one day as to take part in the dedication of a Jewish synagogue. The quip and shrewd reply was: "I am unable to see why the Unitarians should enjoy a monopoly of all the free-thinking; I prefer to carry my candle where it is darkest!" It is only four or five years since a learned English bishop completed his voluminous commentary on the Pentateuch, in which the sacred text is handled with as much freedom as Mr. Paley shows in dealing with the Homeric poems, or Mr. Grote in expounding the

dialogues of Plato. And the history of this, as of other less conspicuous acts of heresy, seems to show that practically an Anglican divine may preach whatever doctrine he likes—provided, doubtless, that he avoid certain obnoxious catch-words. Among Unitarians this doctrinal latitude is too well known to require any illustration.

On this we may observe in passing that Mr. Fiske must be aware that "the learned English bishop"—whose learning by the way is said to be mostly second-hand—was repudiated or condemned by every ecclesiastical authority which had occasion to take cognizance of his teaching; and as to "the eminent Congregationalist minister in Connecticut," we cannot congratulate him on the nice discrimination of his moral sense. But that is parenthetical; we have to inquire what will be "the final outcome of this decomposition of orthodoxies." Will it end, as has been long ago predicted by Roman Catholic controversialists, in "the total destruction of religious creeds," or are the Protestant Churches right which "have warmly resented the imputation"? On this matter "Dr. Buchner and the Pope will not be found to disagree." Dr. Buchner anticipates "the speedy advent of that glorious millennium when all men shall felicitate themselves on the prospect of dying like the beasts of the field"; the Pope agrees with him that "any system of Protestantism is logically absurd, and is destined to be superseded." And Mr. Fiske, if we do not mistake him, agrees in this with the Pope; but that will appear more clearly by and by. Does the choice of the future, then, really lie between "materialism" or "skepticism" (*sic*), on the one hand, and "a renaissance of the ages of faith," on the other? Mr. Fiske thinks that even to propound such a question involves grave philosophical and historical errors, and is convinced that neither materialism nor "any species of ecclesiastical orthodoxy" will prevail in the future. But his ground for this conviction, as regards materialism, is rather a shadowy one. He tells us—what is perfectly true, but hardly worth repeating—that the word "materialism" is often used in a purely vituperative sense by those who know nothing of its true meaning; the same might be said of "atheist," "infidel," "idiot," and many other uncomplimentary terms, which are often loosely applied much as Auguste Comte seems to have applied "metaphysical" to any opinion he did not like. It is hardly worth while to assure us that Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Priestley were not materialists; nobody worth arguing with ever supposed they were. But it is quite another thing to say that there is so far from being any tendency in modern speculation towards materialism, in the proper sense of the word, that "the course of modern philosophy is distinctly in the opposite direction." Materialism is correctly enough defined as the view "that matter and its motions make up the sum total of existence, and that what we know as psychical phenomena are to be interpreted in an ultimate analysis as simply the peculiar aspect assumed by certain enormously complicated motions of matter"; and this is, of course, quite a different thing from merely maintaining that "along with every emotion, or sensation, or idea, there goes on a change in nerve-tissue which is probably resolvable into some form of undulatory motion." What Mr. Fiske entirely fails to show is that the tendency of modern speculation, right or wrong, is not in the direction of materialism, in the first and correct sense of the term. The only evidence he offers indeed is contained in two "remarks" made to him orally by Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Huxley, it seems, "once remarked" to him "that the latest and ripest philosophic speculation leaves the gulf between mind and matter quite as wide and impassable as it appeared in the time of Descartes." It is impossible to argue about the fidelity of Mr. Fiske's memory, but all experience proves that there are few cases where memory plays us such odd tricks as in the attempt to recall past conversations, and this is not quite the view one would naturally gather from Professor Huxley's writings, or from Hume's, which he has carefully analysed and in the main endorsed. Mr. Spencer told Mr. Fiske that he had no definite opinion on some particular question of pure ontology, "not because his mind was necessarily hostile to entertaining such questions," but because he was too entirely occupied in working out the theory of evolution to have any time "to expend on problems which are confessedly insoluble." The italics are our own, and we must say that, even if the remark is accurately reported, it proves little more than that Mr. Spencer was not prepared to deny the possible existence of a science of ontology. To infer from it that only the inevitable limitations of time and energy have prevented the man who "has made greater additions to the sum of human knowledge than have ever been made by any other man since the beginning of the world," from himself presenting us with a system of ontology and "a complete and final system of theology into the bargain," is, to say the least, to draw a very large deduction from very slender premises. It is quite possible no doubt, as Mr. Fiske suggests, that the time may come again when men will be as keenly, though not so exclusively, absorbed in transcendental or ontological discussions as were Aquinas and the schoolmen in the middle ages, but we venture to think that this impulse will mark a reaction from the speculative tendencies of the present day rather than a development of them.

Be that as it may, it is not so much the philosophical as the religious future of Protestantism which Mr. Fiske is concerned with, and he peremptorily rejects as "utterly impossible" the notion that henceforth "men shall agree to surrender their right of private judgment on purely religious questions and accept the teachings of any Church." But, if so, the further question at once arises whether unity of belief can be secured by any other means, when all Church authority is set aside. We know of

course how the early Reformers answered that question. They thought nothing could be easier than to substitute for an infallible Pope an infallible Bible, which however meant, and could only mean, as soon became plain enough, the Bible as interpreted by themselves. Mr. Fiske has a simpler method of settling the difficulty; it "is to be met by the assertion that unity of belief is no longer either possible or desirable." He is fully aware that this solution will appear "very startling and more or less puzzling," and it certainly does not accord with what the great majority of Christians of every communion have understood to be the teaching of Scripture on the subject. But Mr. Fiske is ready with an explanation. This idea of the importance of unity of belief sprang from a false or exaggerated "feeling of corporate responsibility," which was itself a product of "the military necessities of primitive societies" living in a state of chronic warfare. The substitution of the idea of individual for corporate responsibility was the great contribution of Luther to the future of religion, and thenceforth the very conception of an infallible Church which sprang from the corporate idea is become "a most grotesque anachronism." It is likely however that the Catholic Church will survive for a long time to afford a refuge for such earnest and thoughtful souls as "find the atmosphere of free discussion too bracing," and will continue to receive recruits of this kind from the ranks of the various disintegrating Protestant orthodoxies. But it will survive merely as a sort of consecrated lazaret house for the relief of intellectual and religious imbecility. No unity of belief worth having can be arrived at in that way, nor is the device of Positivism, which "sets an inordinate value upon" it, much more hopeful, in limiting articles of faith to points capable of scientific demonstration, leaving all the rest matter for pious opinion. It must be allowed however that on all points incapable of scientific demonstration, such as e.g. "the conscious existence of the soul after death," we have no right and no reason to expect any common agreement, and must be content with the reflection that one and possibly both of the opposite views may contain some "faint glimmering of truth." The greater variety of belief the better, and "at last the true lesson of Protestantism is simply this; that religious belief is something which in no way concerns society, but only the individual." On this basis, once clearly apprehended, religious speculation will go on as vigorously as ever, but such words as "heresy" and "infidelity" will become obsolete and indeed unintelligible, except to historical experts; for where there is no standard of faith, there can be no defection from it, and thus "our treatment of religion will have come to be like the sweet discourse of saints in Dante's Paradise." We suspect both Dante and his saints would have felt a little perplexed at this novel interpretation of their sweetness, but let that pass. There is only one seeming drawback to this millennial vision of the future—namely, that "in discussions conducted in such a mood there will be, no doubt, a great lack of finality." But that is really an advantage, for "the craving for finality is an instinct of the uneducated, of the savage, of the child, and perhaps of the brute."

We have not much space left to comment on this somewhat bald and paradoxical conclusion. But the writer appears to have overlooked two serious difficulties at least besides the lack of finality. If he is only seeking a philosophy of the future there is nothing to be said. Professor Huxley or Mr. Spencer, who has taught us so much more than all who ever came before him, might probably satisfy his aspirations, and there is at all events ample scope in the vast field of philosophical speculation for that salutary "variety of belief" which is the sole available guarantee for some "faint adumbration and glimmering of truth." But Mr. Fiske vehemently, almost scornfully, repudiates "materialism"; it is the religious "lesson of Protestantism," the "religious belief" of the future he desires to unfold; he looks to see "a complete system of theology" evolved. And we are constrained therefore to observe that a religion based on the principle of *quot homines tot sententia*—which is a statement, not a parody, of his thesis—appears to us, if it be not impolite to say so, to the full as "grotesque" as the ideas of orthodoxy and Church authority appear to him. Without a "sense of corporate responsibility" and a common creed of some kind, whether its dogmas be few or many, you can have no religious community; it would be as easy to manufacture a silk purse out of a sow's ear as to manipulate a Chace into a Church. And if Mr. Fiske supposes that religion can be maintained in the world without any Church or corporate organization at all, we can only say that the experiment will be an absolutely novel one, and that its success would run counter to the universal testimony of all history, whether before the Christian era or since. It would be much nearer the truth to say that St. Paul introduced "the idea of individual responsibility" than that Luther did so; it was at all events one of the most striking, and to outsiders most perplexing, phenomena of the life of the early Christian Church. It was precisely what sent thousands of martyrs to the gibbet or the stake, to the utter amazement of their pagan persecutors, who marvelled at the senseless obstinacy which refused to follow the example of all good citizens, of whatever school of thought, and acquiesce in established observances not more puerile than innocuous. But the individual responsibility was not supposed to exclude the corporate; rather did they supplement and support each other. That religious individuals may exist, so to say, *in vacuo* we by no means dispute, but that anything to be called a religion will hold its own in the world without Church, creed, rite, or outward life of any kind, is an hypothesis which it will be time enough to discuss when it has ceased to be refuted by the unbroken experience of mankind.

## THE CARL ROSA OPERA.

IN the last few weeks Mr. Carl Rosa has contented himself for the most part with going over his old repertory, so that, with the exception of one or two performances of special interest, there has been but little to call for critical notice. The performances for the last week of the season are now announced; and we are sorry to see that our fears that Mr. Villiers Stanford's opera, *The Veiled Prophet*, is not to be produced this season have been realized. Much regret has been felt at this action of the management, particularly by those who had an opportunity of hearing some of the more important orchestral numbers of this work at the Crystal Palace a short time ago, when it was felt that, if the whole opera were of the same merit as the portions then heard, the success which it has won in Germany would be more than equalled in this country. We have never joined in the cry that English musical talent is neglected in England; but if with the scarcity—the necessary scarcity—of good composers an opera by an Englishman whose name is known and respected by all real musicians, if not widely known to the general public, is first produced in Germany, and, in spite of its success there, has to wait for years before it can be heard in England, we are bound to admit that the malcontent party have a very strong case.

Mr. Carl Rosa tried the experiment of engaging Mme. Fernandez Bentharn for a short time, and produced *Faust*, in which she appeared as Marguerite. Whether wisely or not, Mme. Bentharn has cultivated the upper part of her voice, and now comes before us as a soprano. The rich contralto quality still remains, and her upper voice is of as much beauty of timbre as the lower one, which was so often heard some seasons ago. Her vocalization is still good; but here, we fear, all praise of her performance must end. Perhaps from nervousness, she frequently sang painfully out of tune; not consistently, but by singing false intervals; so that change of pitch cannot be accepted as an excuse. Dramatically her representation of the character was, we cannot say bad, it rather had no existence. This defect was made more evident by the fact that the *Faust* was Mr. Barton MacGuckin, who has only recently left the concert-room for the stage, and has brought with him the tricks of singing common to popular concert singers, which show out startlingly on the stage. As might be expected, he has not yet acquired any dramatic power, so that most of the principal scenes of the opera were more like a costume recital than a stage performance. What little attempt at dramatic effect was made irresistibly called up recollections of performances by gifted amateurs in a back drawing-room. The general performance was curiously uneven. The overture was played thoroughly well and all its poetry was brought out by Mr. Randegger, who conducted. The choruses in the first act, and the chorus of women's voices in the waltz in the Kermesse scene were excellent, the last-mentioned being a model of good attack and delicacy of treatment, whilst the other choruses in the second act were ragged and tame, and the Soldiers' Chorus was coarse and uncertain. We were sorry to see that the arrangement of the opera had been adopted in which the return of Valentine and the army is made to precede the cathedral scene—an arrangement which disturbs the dramatic sequence of the plot, and leads to the necessity of carrying off Valentine's body, a situation which is full of danger, as we have often pointed out. The only excuse for this transposition is the desire to have a mechanical change from the outside to the inside of the cathedral—a desire which may be due to the spreading of the spirit which has its highest development in "the rapid" (though untrustworthy) "change of the gloomy laboratory of the Sage to the glittering palace of the Voluptuary,"—as it might be described in an old-fashioned play-bill—which we have sometimes seen during the summer season at Covent Garden. The effect of this scene was also destroyed by placing a large conspicuous prie-dieu in the middle of the stage for Marguerite. The best point in this performance was the Mephistopheles of Mr. Snazelle. To begin with, he only wore one feather in his cap. If his conception of the character was not very deep, it was, at all events, good and possible, and well carried out; and, in the scene after the Calf of Gold song, when Mephistopheles is overcome by the crosses on the swords, in the duel scene, and in the cathedral, the performance was, dramatically speaking, of unusual excellence. His singing was too often careless and slovenly; but even his singing, in spite of this fault, was pleasing from its practised ease.

*Tannhäuser* has also been produced lately, and for the first time in London in English. Though we are far from wishing to follow the follies of those who call themselves Wagnerites, we always wish to uphold the real truths in dramatic lyric art which Herr Wagner has insisted on, and one of these is that the words of a libretto should be of merit. Opening the book used by the Carl Rosa company at random, we find the following words:—

## VENUS.

Away, O foolish one!  
Deceiver, see! I keep thee not!  
Now art thou free! Away! Away!  
What thou desirest—be thy lot!  
Go, seek the mortals cold o'erhead,  
Before whose icy saddened gloom  
The gods of joy have long since fled  
Down to the earth's warm wildering womb.

These words do not appear to us to be quite worthy of this great work—no doubt, "warm wildering womb" is a shadowing forth of Herr Wagner's love of alliterative verse; but we fail to quite follow the meaning of the passage. Herr Schott played



Tannhäuser, and we regret to have to notice that his singing has fallen off lamentably since he was last heard in England, as has his pronunciation of the English language; he often has in this part to mention "sweet singers," and the richness of the German accent with which he pronounces these words is quite unapproachable by imitative spelling. However, his dramatic powers have, if anything, increased, and his acting all through the scene in the Hall of the Bards was really fine. His gradually growing excitement during the contest was forcibly, though delicately, shown, and during the pleading for his life by Elizabeth, his action and byplay were excellent and well conceived, without being so obtrusive as to interfere with the general action of the scene. The performance, on the whole, was extremely good in all its details, but for a most curious effect in the orchestral music. The overture at its commencement was curiously dragged in tempo and tame in effect; but after the second entry of the Pilgrims' Chorus *motif* all went well—the tempo gained the small increase of speed necessary to give effect to the music, and fire and dash were infused into the band, so that the last part was as well played as need be. The same want of power at the beginning and fine performance at the end was to be noticed in the March. As to the stage management, we think it was hardly worthy of Mr. Betjemann; the ballets in the Venusberg were well designed, but, relying on power of posing, they failed from the inexperience and want of grace of the ballet-girls employed. The scene of the reception of the guests in the Hall of the Bards was well arranged, but just not well enough, and soon gave rise to ominous titters amongst the audience, with which it was impossible not to have some sympathy, and which would have broken into a general laugh had the slightest accident happened. For Mlle. Valleria's Elizabeth we have nothing but praise. She has steadily advanced in her career for many years past, and her singing on this occasion was excellent; nor have her past labours as yet had any effect on the freshness of her voice. Elizabeth is a part which can be satisfactorily played by mere exercise of practised stage knowledge, combined with personal grace, and from this point of view it was treated by Mlle. Valleria, who, however, showed that up to a certain point she was quite capable of indicating strong emotion. We cannot end the discussion of this opera without mentioning the excellent performance of Miss Georgina Burns as Venus. She sang the very difficult music fluently and artistically, and acted, as far as the part demands acting, with much grace.

Bizet's *Carmen* has been frequently played through this season, and in its performance we found none of those irregularities which we have had occasion to notice in *Faust* and *Tannhäuser*, the general performance being throughout extremely good. Mr. Randegger seems to be in perfect sympathy with the music, and forces the band and chorus to follow his ideas with masterly skill. The stage arrangements are very good, and the choir of boys who sing the Boys' Chorus in the first act are excellent material in the hands of the stage-manager, and do much to help the life and realism of the crowded scenes. In this department of the production there is only one thing to call for adverse criticism. This occurs in the last act, and is a matter which is supposed to be regulated by the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. The effect of which we speak did not seem to attract much notice amongst the audience, which struck us as remarkable. Mr. Packard was Don José, and both played and sang the part very well, except in the last act, when his murder of Carmen rather suggested a pantomime rally. On the occasion on which we heard the opera, Miss Clara Perry took the part of Michaela in place of Miss Gaylord. Miss Perry achieved a genuine success, and was finally received with enthusiasm by a house which at first had shown much ill temper at Miss Gaylord's absence. Her voice is of very pleasant quality, and her singing excellent, especially in the very trying air "I said nought should frighten me here" in the third act. Her acting is pretty, graceful, and full of promise. Miss Giulia Warwick, in the small part of Paquita, also showed considerable dramatic power. The Escamillo of Mr. Walter Bolton was, perhaps, the least satisfactory performance in the cast, unless we except the Remendado of Mr. Charles Lyall, whose excess of buffoonery went far to spoil the effect of several scenes, and in particular prevented the unaccompanied tenor song behind the scenes in the tavern of Lillas Pastia from being heard at all. Carmen was Miss Lilian La Rue, who has gained much reputation in this part. As a singer she has a voice of by no means unpleasant quality, and sings well and easily. She also has some dramatic ability of a certain sort; but her conception of the character is very odd. If Carmen be acted by one who has grasped the character in the story, there need be no offence in it, as we have often before pointed out; but it is quite possible so to play it as to make the character repulsive and unpleasant. In the first act Miss La Rue represents Carmen as a skittish village girl in a burlesque. Don José would never have wrecked his life for such a girl; he might have joked with her over his wine; but if she had become importunate, he would have thrown her a handful of cigarettes or a piece of gold. The general tone of the character in the first act may be best gathered from certain changes in the text made by Miss La Rue; for instance, Carmen has to say, "My secret is mine; I keep it always"—this was changed to "My secret is mine; I'll keep it, no fear." In the other scenes this skittish manner was in great measure laid aside, but with obvious effort. We must, however, give all due praise to Miss

La Rue for her excellent acting in the scene where Carmen dances and sings to Don José alone in the tavern; here she had nearly the true conception of the part, and carried it out with much artistic skill.

#### ROMEO AND JULIET AT THE LYCEUM.

"IN producing this tragedy," Mr. Irving says in a published notice concerning *Romeo and Juliet*, "I have availed myself of every resource at my command to illustrate without intrusion the Italian warmth, life, and romance of this enthralling love-story," and it may at once be said that the actor-manager has on this occasion more than rivalled his previous successes in the way of the poetry of stage management. Many of the pictures presented on the stage are of extraordinary beauty, and, as if in a spirit of friendly rivalry, Mr. Irving has paid special attention to the management of crowds, alike when they are seen filling the stage with angry tumult or in seemingly chance groups and masses absorbed in emotion, and when the threatening murmurs of their voices are heard gradually approaching from without; and he has shown that in the organization of such matters as this the resources of the Lyceum stage are fully equal to those of the Saxe-Meiningen Theatre. With other passages of his published notice it is more easy to find fault. "Such changes," he announces, "as have been made from the ordinary manner and presentation are, I think, justified by the fuller development of our present stage, of whose advantages the Poet would doubtless have freely availed himself had his own opportunities been brought up to the level of our time." This is a somewhat sweeping and surely a fallacious statement. It is much as if one should say that if Bacon had lived in the present day his style would have been different. Shakespeare wrote, we may be pretty sure, with a keen eye to "his own opportunities"; and no amount of transposition and rearrangement can give us any idea of what and how he would have written if the same well-ordered splendour of decoration which was attempted in Shirley's masques, and which is now shown in what is very near perfection in the Lyceum version of *Romeo and Juliet*, had been a condition precedent to the success of stage plays. Again, Mr. Irving writes, "among the restorations will be found that of Romeo's unrequited love for Rosaline, omitted amongst other things in Garrick's Georgian version. Its value can hardly be over-appreciated, since Shakespeare has carefully worked out this first baseless love of Romeo as a palpable evidence of the subjective nature of the man and his passion." We do not well understand what Mr. Irving means by saying that the Rosaline business is a palpable evidence of the subjective nature of the man and his passion; but it may be that this phrase is intended to convey the notion that Romeo was a hot-headed Italian boy or youth, filled with the passion of youth, and not unready to take up with a new love when an old one would have none of him. If this is so, then it seems to us the less the Rosaline episode (which, so far as we know, has never of late years been entirely rejected) is dwelt upon the better. From one point of view, when fully considered, it makes Romeo's character inconsistent and wanting in interest; from another it lends to it a somewhat unpleasant colouring. The rapid change of passion might no doubt be given on the stage by an ideal Romeo so as to carry the audience with it, but it may be questioned whether the stage has ever shown the ideal Romeo. It was a saying formulated, if not invented, by a very distinguished actor, that no one ought to play Romeo after he was twenty-one, and that no one could play Romeo until he was sixty. This statement of the case is of course pardonably exaggerated, but it contains a good deal of truth. To bring his audience into full sympathy with the mad love, the splendid folly, and the desperate resolves of Romeo, an actor should be able to fathom the utmost extravagances of boyish passion, and should have learnt exactly how to represent them so as to avoid either tameness or exaggeration. It comes in fact to this, that only a very young actor could make us view Romeo's light spring from one love to another without a certain dislike, and that presumably no very young actor can be expected to have the experience requisite to represent and to mould into a pleasing shape the vagaries of Romeo and the flaming passion which, if things had gone well between the lovers, might very well have burnt itself out. Mr. Irving illustrates finely his own view of this matter by his last look at Rosaline and his first at Juliet in the ball-room scene, but we are not of opinion that the view is a happy one. The episode might, under Shakespeare's conditions, when "his own opportunities" were not "brought up to the level of our time," have passed as merely the change of dreamy fancy in a love-sick boy; but it can hardly do so when the object in the presentment of the whole play is to show us as nearly as possible a living picture of men and women, boys and girls, as they moved and lived in the time at which the tragedy is assumed or presumed to take place.

In criticizing the acting of the play, it is but fair to remember that the first night, we might even say the first few nights, of a performance undertaken on a magnificent scale and in the face of difficulties which in almost any circumstances are in the case of this play inevitable, cannot be taken as representing the success which may be attained when the sense of strangeness and of nervousness has passed off. Those features of the representation to which these remarks do not apply—the general excellence, that is, of the cast and of the scenic arrangement—

can scarcely be too highly praised. Putting aside the question whether, as a matter of severe art, it is desirable to pay so much attention to the mere outward adornment of the play, there is no room for doubt that the adornment in this case is of itself a thing of remarkable skill and beauty. We have spoken already of the masterly management of the crowded scenes, and it remains to remark upon the admirable painting of the various backgrounds to the action by Messrs. Telbin, Cuthbert, and Hawes Craven. All the scenes are marked by artistic beauty; but, as a specimen of what can be done with the simplest materials by a scenic painter of great talent, we should be inclined to point to Mr. Telbin's representation of the Friar's Cell and of the Street in Mantua. Of the acting of the two principal characters we may have more to say hereafter. Meanwhile, it may be noted that Miss Ellen Terry is at her best in certain of the lighter passages in the part of Juliet, chief amongst which at present is the cajoling scene with the Nurse, from whom she hopes to get news of Romeo. Nothing could seem more natural or charming than the changes of tone and visage here employed, as nothing could in its way be better than the simplicity with which Romeo's first declarations of love in the ball-room scene are accepted. In this scene we may note the peculiarly fine and poetical touch of stage management which surrounds Juliet with a boy of little children clinging to her in delighted affection. In some of the later love scenes both Miss Terry and Mr. Irving reached a high pitch of tenderness and passion; but one of the most important—the balcony scene—is marred by the too frequent repetition of the action of trying to touch each other's hands. Once or even twice this is well enough, but when it becomes plain that it is but a vain striving at impossibility, its reiteration becomes monotonous. In the "potion" scene Miss Terry is unhappily disappointing. Her conception of the scene is to our thinking completely wrong. It is surely in a kind of hysterical frenzy following close, as with a revulsion of feeling, upon her visions of terror that Juliet quaffs the draught to Romeo. Miss Terry makes the action, as it seems to us, far too deliberate; with the result that the swallowing of the draught, which should carry with it something of terror to the audience, is tame and ineffective. To Mr. Irving's Romeo some of Hazlitt's remarks upon Edmund Kean's performance of the same character might not be inaptly applied. "In going to see Mr. Kean in any new character we do not go in the expectation of seeing either a perfect actor or perfect acting; because this is what we have not yet seen either in him or in any one else. But we go to see (what he never disappoints us in) great spirit, ingenuity, and originality given to the text in general, and an energy and depth of passion given to certain scenes and passages, which we should in vain look for from any other actor on the stage." Mr. Irving has many advantages which Edmund Kean had not—it would seem improbable, for instance, that Kean can have made so chivalrous a figure of Romeo as Mr. Irving does—and he does not invite the censure which was given by Hazlitt to Kean in the love scenes. In one, indeed—the scene in Juliet's bed-chamber—he played with a tenderness of passion and devotion that demands high praise. But his finest scene is that with the Apothecary; and the thought and poetry with which his acting here is instinct are admirable indeed. For the rest, Mrs. Stirling's Nurse is a fine and finished performance, the only shortcoming in which is found in the discovery of Juliet's death; Mr. Howe's Capulet is, of course, an excellent piece of work; Mr. Fernandez makes an imposing figure of Friar Laurence, and speaks his lines capably; and most of the smaller parts are more than capably filled. Mr. Terriss's Mercutio is full of merit. His gallant, careless bearing exactly fits the part, and his dying scene is pathetic without being overcharged. He speaks the Queen Mab speech—a speech far more lyrical than dramatic—extremely well; but he should most certainly omit the shore, a pleasantry in which Mercutio ought not to indulge. He should also give up at once the dull and offensively rude "gag" which tradition has given to Mercutio when he leaves Romeo with the Nurse.

A second visit to the theatre shows an improvement in the general run of the piece, and no doubt with Mr. Irving's remarkable talent for organization this improvement will continue. But it is to be feared that the chief faults of the performance are of its essence. Miss Ellen Terry is very charming, but she is not Juliet; and when really tragic passion is wanted for the part, it is not forthcoming. Mr. Irving is full of thought and fancy; but he is not Romeo. The accessories are, as we have said, even poetically conceived and arranged, and the series of stage pictures which they help to make up is beautiful and impressive; but, as it seems to us, there is that taken away from the exquisite poetry of the play itself which no skill or grandeur of mechanical management can avail to restore.

## REVIEWS.

**SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN.**

THE first impression of most people on reading this book will probably be one of surprise at being reminded that Lord Dufferin has been so long on the political scene. Owing partly

to his own vivaciousness, and partly to the fact that he has for the last ten years taken little part in home politics, he is apt to be thought of, not exactly as a promising young man, but certainly as scarcely middle-aged in politics. Yet this volume opens with a speech obviously made after the speaker had arrived at years of discretion nearly five-and-thirty years ago; while the second article in the book is the report of an important measure introduced by Lord Dufferin in the House of Lords before the Crimean war. At the same time it must be confessed that the greater part of the book—perhaps three-quarters of it—is occupied with speeches of the last ten or twelve years, which may be thought to be a not inconclusive piece of evidence to the effect that, if the public remembers little of Lord Dufferin's earlier performances except the "Letters from High Latitudes" and the Commissionership in reference to the Syrian massacres, there is a reason for it. Yet some of the earlier speeches are, as we shall take this opportunity of showing, of great interest and value. The contents of the book divide themselves pretty easily into three parts. There are miscellaneous speeches, for the delivery of which the present Ambassador at Constantinople has always been well fitted by his specially Irish characteristics of ready wit and literary expertness. There is a speech here in French and a speech in Greek, and both are good. There is a speech on the education of the deaf and dumb, a speech on the paper duty, one in favour of the claims of the Royal Humane Society, one on the grievances of the East India Company's officers, one on children's hospitals, one at a banquet to Dickens, one at a Scott centenary banquet, &c. None of them perhaps is a masterpiece of oratory, but all of them are admirable examples of after-dinner talk or Parliamentary debating or platform advocacy, or whatever the particular kind may be to which each belongs. Lord Dufferin's higher flights, though not infelicitous, are by no means his most felicitous efforts. The happy knack of seizing exactly that aspect of the subject which is likely to be at once probably fresh and certainly agreeable to the audience, the display of education and of wit, without the least appearance either of patronizing or of laborious effort, are excellent. No one who had heard or read these earlier efforts could be surprised at the peculiar success of Lord Dufferin's Canadian oratory—the second of the divisions which we have made of these speeches. A colonial Governor-General is a kind of perpetual chairman, bound to mix *utile dulci* as cunningly as he can. Everybody has laughed over Lord Dufferin's description of his fears of kidnappers during the last Presidential contest but one, over his ingenious evasion of the wrathful demands of the British Columbians, over his burlesque description of the governing virtues of Irishmen, over a dozen other light and lively efforts of his Viceroyalty. But what sounds miraculously funny after a good dinner, and even reads with a pleasant pungency amid the dull reports and telegrams of a daily newspaper, is apt to wear a very different appearance when it is solemnly resuscitated in book shape. Even through this trial Lord Dufferin has come victoriously. Those who read his sallies at the time, and those who did not, may read him now with almost equal advantage if they have time to spare. But just at the present moment the speeches on Ireland, which, if not very numerous, are both instructive and important, seem to have the first place in attraction.

Lord Dufferin's position in regard to the Irish land question has long been known to be a peculiar one. We do not of course allude to any of his private proceedings with his own estate, which are no business whatever of the public's, and as to which we pretend to no information, nor should we make use of it if we had it. The facts are that, being a large Irish proprietor, and, what was more, a large Irish proprietor entirely dependent on his Irish property, he was thirty years ago at once an uncompromising denouncer of tenant-right and an uncompromising advocate of measures for preventing any hardship to tenants in their relations with their landlords. More than a dozen years before Mr. Gladstone executed his celebrated *volte-face* on the subject of the Irish Church, nearly twenty years before he followed up that evolution with the Land Bill of 1870, Lord Dufferin, then a young peer, brought in a Bill on the lines of this latter measure, but with cars taken to obviate the fatal blunders from which such disastrous consequences have since followed. We have in this book a speech made on landlords' improvements to the Clondeboy tenantry in 1847; another on the Bill just mentioned in 1854; a third on the state of Ireland, also to his tenants, in 1865; a fourth on the state of Ireland in 1866; a fifth on the Disestablishment Bill; a sixth on one of the Peace Preservation Acts, those "hateful," but remarkably frequent, "incidents" of Liberalism; and a seventh on the Land Bill of 1870. In strict completeness these would require to be supplemented by certain pamphlets and other papers, well known to those who have followed the subject, in order to obtain a complete history of Lord Dufferin's utterances on Ireland. But the speeches before us are quite sufficient for the purpose. No one who reads them will impeach Lord Dufferin's fidelity to Liberal principles, nor will any one who reads them feel inclined to regard him as what is usually called in Ireland, or was till the Land League introduced more picturesque and highly coloured terms, an oppressor. He grants freely and repeatedly the favourite position of the Irish land reformer, that in the peculiar circumstances of the Irish tenant absolute freedom of contract is not obtainable. We think him in error here, but this is a matter of no consequence, or of consequence only as showing that he is certainly not a Saturnian and Jupiter man. He admits (and, as we have seen, he years ago gave expression to his ideas in a proposal of legislation) not merely the right of a tenant to compensation for improvements, but even

*Speeches and Addresses of the Earl of Dufferin.* Edited by Henry Milton. London: John Murray. 1882.



his right, or at least his equitable claim, to compensation for disturbance by eviction, except for non-payment of rent. Here, again, for very obvious reasons, all his readers may not agree with him; but here, again, the difference only strengthens Lord Dufferin's position in his deliverance of the opinions which follow. Like every one else who has the faintest acquaintance with Irish history, and unlike English Radical newspaper-writers, Lord Dufferin scouts the idea of an historical tenant-right even in Ulster, or of an historical partnership between landlord and tenant in any form whatever. He upholds in the strongest manner the doctrine which has just been denied judicially in Ireland, the doctrine that effluxion of time can and does exhaust a tenant's right to his improvements. But by far the most important part of Lord Dufferin's teaching in this Irish matter is contained in his exposition of the effects of free sale, or rather of the restricted sale which was common in his earlier days, and his incidental demonstration of the further effects of the fair rents which we have now established. This testimony is all the more valuable because it is entirely involuntary testimony. When Lord Dufferin spoke, even in the latest of these speeches, that on the 1870 Land Bill, no one dreamt of fixing rents by Act of Parliament. His evidence is thus given not merely without bias, but without even knowledge of the state of things to which it now applies. Yet how absolutely it does apply, and how fatal must be the effects which must necessarily flow from what is called the success of the Land Act, these speeches show even more clearly than the speeches of Mr. Gibson or Mr. Plunket, with the advantage of being absolutely free, not merely from the suspicion, but from the possibility, of partisanship. The facts here set down, and the doctrine that like effects will follow like causes, are all that is required to enable any intelligent person to arrive at a conclusion as to the probable state of Ireland after some decades of the working of Mr. Gladstone's panacea. Those results need no exposition here, nor is this the place to expound them. They are, briefly, the crippling of the tenant by the sums paid for entrance money, and the constant increase of those sums as the landlord's rent diminishes. That low rents mean high tenant-right, and that high tenant-right means bad farming and collapse in unfavourable seasons in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland; and that, contrariwise, these circumstances must be kept in constant force by the operation of low rent and high tenant-right—these are the truths which Lord Dufferin inculcates. The Land Commissioners with their stereotyped reductions may be left to bring about the full application of his words.

It would not be fair, however, to take leave of this book without pointing out that in the Canadian speeches themselves, which form the larger part of it, there is much more than lively after-dinner wit and adroit management of serious matters by jest. Lord Dufferin as a mere boy had given promise of these latter qualities by remarking, when he proposed the health of his agent, "I have no hesitation in saying, and I do not care who contradicts me, that I think it would be almost a pity to shoot that gentleman." He gave abundant evidence thirty years later, as every one knows, of his possession of the same qualities. But he also gave evidence of qualities which it is the fashion to call more solid. If he had merely given the impression—and perhaps he did give this impression to some people—of a Viceregal Pailasse, who tumbled when any difficulty occurred, and expected the difficulty to vanish in the applause consequent on the tumbling, he would have done a great deal more harm than good. But, though it is very desirable that a colonial Governor should be a good fellow, it is by no means advisable that he should be nothing else. Not a few of the numerous Canadian speeches here (there are perhaps some five-and-twenty in all) show the possession of the better part of diplomacy, of intelligence as well as tact. If any surprise is ever felt that Lord Dufferin should not have attained to somewhat higher positions in the State than he has held in a career which is only one-third shorter than that of Mr. Gladstone, unprofitable wonderment at this may profitably give place to satisfaction at his having at last found the life for which he is pretty evidently most suited. It has often been remarked that the excellences of the diplomatist and of the Parliamentary statesman seem to be, if not mutually exclusive, at any rate rarely found in the same person. That Lord Dufferin has the excellences of the diplomatist, or at any rate most of them, in a somewhat more than ordinary degree, is likely to be an impression created or confirmed in most readers by the perusal of these speeches.

#### HAYMAN'S ODYSSEY.\*

LIKE his hero Odysseus, Dr. Hayman has, after twenty years, reached the end of his labours. It is now eight years since the second volume of his edition of the *Odyssey* was published, and the volume before us brings the work to a close. In this, as in the earlier instalments of his task, the preface is by no means the least important or the least interesting part of the book. Here Dr. Hayman says what we regret to think is his last word upon the general question of Greek bibliography, and upon the antiquity of the Homeric poems in particular. His arguments on these points take the form of a reply to the well-known opinions of Mr.

Paley, who has, since the appearance of Dr. Hayman's second volume, published several pamphlets in support of his views. In these he repeats, with some additional arguments, his theories that the compilers of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as well as the tragedians, drew their materials from the Cyclic poets; that "our Homer" is very different from the Homer known to the Greeks of the time of Solon and Pisistratus; and that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in their present form are not much earlier than the time of Plato, when they were first committed to writing. This last opinion follows almost of necessity from Mr. Paley's views on the subject of Greek bibliography, for he holds that "the transcription of literature for general purposes was practically unknown until the time of Pericles." Dr. Hayman's answer seems to us to be on all points tolerably conclusive. He strongly urges the impossibility of preserving the works of the early poets, and still more of the early prose authors, without the aid of writing, and argues with great force from the testimony of Strabo to Cadmus and Hecateus. With regard to the early historians and philosophers of Miletus and of Ionia in general Dr. Hayman writes as follows:—

This large and bright array of intellectual names clustering round Miletus is its own evidence of such mental culture as bespeaks fixed literary habits, and may alone convince us that we have reached an age of manuscript. It seems to me that the objector has to choose between the extreme scepticism of rejecting the whole tradition that such a school flourished, and the extreme credulity of supposing that they could have so flourished without the aid and use of writing.

After quoting some remarkable fragments of *Æschylus* which bear upon the use of writing, and disposing satisfactorily of the absurd reasoning based upon the absence of mention of writing materials in Pindar's Odes, Dr. Hayman goes on to what is perhaps the most important part of his argument—the testimony of Herodotus and Thucydides. Here he has the advantage derived from the fact that Mr. Paley's evidence is entirely negative, and is therefore rendered worthless by any particle of affirmative evidence on the other side. Mr. Paley argues, from the almost total silence of such writers as Herodotus and Thucydides respecting previous prose authors, that, if the works of these authors existed in writing at all they were not generally accessible. But, as Dr. Hayman justly points out, "almost total silence" is not the same thing as "total silence," though Mr. Paley argues as if it were so. Herodotus mentions and refers to Hecateus often enough to make it most improbable that Hecateus left no written works behind him. The absence of more frequent references to earlier writers, both in Herodotus and Thucydides, is satisfactorily explained by the "disposition which may be noticed alike in Herodotus and Thucydides to repudiate obligations to predecessors." Dr. Hayman cites Mr. Pollock's *Life of Spinoza* to show that "the habit of quoting with due acknowledgment is not yet three centuries old"; he might have further illustrated the statement by reference to Latin poets—Virgil, for example, who borrowed from Ennius and other early writers without the slightest acknowledgment. It is further shown that Thucydides refers as plainly as possible to earlier prose writers (*λογιστάται*), and a very good reason why he should make no mention of them individually is "that he regarded them for his purpose as worthless." Two arguments on which Mr. Paley appears to place great reliance are summarily disposed of. He objects that "there are no words at all to express pen, ink, book, paper, till close upon the age of Plato." "If," replies Dr. Hayman, "the absence of such terms proves that books were not generally written, it equally proves that the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides were not written"—which is contrary to fact. Again, Mr. Paley urges that the use of the word *ἀπορία* in the preface of Thucydides implies that there were "only listeners and no readers." The answer to this is, that by a similar line of argument we may prove that Juvenal could not read, because he wrote "Semper ego auditor tantum." "Of course," says Dr. Hayman, "until we get far down into an age of print, listening must have been the chief source of information to the general mass of mankind."

Passing on to the question of Homer and the Cyclics, Dr. Hayman again makes great use of the testimony of Herodotus, and has little difficulty in showing the strong probability, to say the least of it, that Herodotus knew "our Homer," and moreover that he had access to a complete text of his works. This is specially apparent in his comment on the abduction of Helen, where he mentions the *Iliad* by name, and says that nowhere else does the poet correct his statement of the wandering of Paris. Dr. Hayman sums up his argument thus:—

The positive way in which he (Herodotus) speaks makes it certain that he must have had what he judged sufficient evidence; and if he merely knew the text from the utterances of rhapsodists, the evidence would have been too disjointed, and the mode of collecting it probably too casual, to satisfy him. In short, such a criticism betrays an age when written texts had made it possible to review a work as a whole.

Having dealt with the historians, Dr. Hayman passes on to the tragedians. Here he shows, first, that far more use is made by the dramatists of "our Homer" than is allowed by Mr. Paley and those who support his views; and, secondly, that divergence from the Homeric forms of the various legends by no means proves ignorance of them. The three great tragedians often differed widely from each other in their treatment of a legend; and, not merely this, but the same poet sometimes contradicted in one tragedy the version of a legend which he had adopted in another. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the manner in which Dr. Hayman has here worked out his argument, and of the wide reading and careful research embodied in it.

\* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Edited, with Marginal References, Various Readings, Notes, Appendices, and three facsimile Plates, by Henry Hayman, D.D., &c. Vol. III. Books XIII.-XXIV. London: David Nutt, 1882.

Sound scholarship is shown in rebutting Mr. Paley's objections to certain words and forms found in our Homer. Ἀλλοῖος and γενναῖος, among others, are censured "as belonging rather to the Pindaric or tragic than to the ancient epic era"; but Dr. Hayman finds the former word twice in Hesiod, and the latter once in a fragment of Archilochus. Again Mr. Paley suggests that the expression *χωρέρον* *μῆν* may be of Alexandrine origin. Dr. Hayman pertinently inquires whether Herodotus, who uses the phrase in vi. 84, is equally open to suspicion. With regard to violations of the use of the digamma, which Mr. Paley considers conclusive proof of the lateness of the Homeric text, Dr. Hayman points out that all existing fragments of early Greek poetry, except, perhaps, those of Aleman, may be proved spurious in the same way. We may now proceed to Mr. Paley's extraordinary statement that "every epic poet, however late, e.g. Apollonius Rhodius, Q. Smyrnaeus, Coluthus, has precisely the same general characteristics, and to the same extent." Dr. Hayman refutes this argument by an examination of Quintus Smyrnaeus, who, according to Mr. Paley, "has handed down the very poems which Virgil and Propertius repeatedly translate." Dr. Hayman shows that Q. Smyrnaeus does not in the least understand the Homeric war-chariot, that he avoids the use of it when he can do so, and that he blunders in his description of it. He makes his characters ride on horseback, whereas "Homer's only cavalry are his chariots"; he mentions a banquet on board ship, a thing unheard of in Homer; while he refers to divination by entrails, which does not appear in Homer, and mentions two of the signs of the Zodiac, which we do not find in any Greek author earlier than Aristotle. Dr. Hayman then points to a metaphor which is evidently taken from Ovid, and asks whether it is not far more likely that Quintus Smyrnaeus borrowed from Virgil and Propertius than that they translated the poems which he has handed down. The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae and Hisarlik furnish Dr. Hayman with a formidable weapon. Homer's descriptions coincide in a remarkable manner with the objects found in both these places. It is needless here to go into many details; a few examples will show how these discoveries support Dr. Hayman's arguments. The key of Penelope's treasure-chest was, as Dr. Hayman reminds us, of copper, but had an ivory handle; at Hisarlik Dr. Schliemann found just such a key. The handle was missing, but had evidently been of a different material—wood, as Dr. Schliemann supposed. Again, Homer, with all his love of detail, does not mention guards to sword-belts; fifteen swords were found at Mycenae, all of them without guards. The description of Nestor's cup tallies with that of one found at Mycenae, even in the mode of manufacture. Nestor's was "pierced with golden nails," while at Mycenae "the metal-work showed no soldering, but all such vessels were joined with numerous pins." Dr. Hayman derives another argument from the subjects of Greek art. Pausanias describes the throne of Zeus at Olympia, which appears to have been, as Dr. Hayman expresses it, "a blaze of mythology from pinnacle to footstool." The Hesiodic shield of Hercules contains three elements of design—human, animal, and mythical. The shield of Achilles "is distinguished by the total absence of any mythological group." Hence it is argued that the description of it belongs to a very early period, "when the illustration of myth is yet below the horizon of the artist's mind." Dr. Hayman challenges, not for the first time, Mr. Paley's identification of the Homeric details of armour, chariots, walls, and fortifications with those of 450 B.C. The facts that copper is the basis of all Homeric weapons, and that war chariots were not used in the time of Pericles, sufficiently refute this statement; while, as Dr. Hayman justly remarks, "the methods of fighting, the overwhelming prominence of personal prowess, and the use of stones picked from the ground as ordinary weapons, exhibit a marked difference from that age."

We have by no means even referred to all the arguments by which Dr. Hayman supports his views, and it would be impossible in the space at our command to give any idea of the wide research, the accurate scholarship, and, above all, the strong common sense which characterize his work. We ought, however, to mention, as a feature not too common in controversial writings, the absence of any bitterness or personal feeling against opponents, and the good-humoured, sometimes humorous, tone which prevails. The concluding paragraphs are especially happy, and those scholars who share Dr. Hayman's views have every reason to be proud of their champion. The tendency which has been manifest of late years to return to old beliefs as to the date and authorship of the Homeric poems is largely owing to Dr. Hayman's advocacy, and we cannot but think that the convincing arguments now adduced will make many more converts, or at least prevent many young scholars from adopting the unsound and often unsupported theories of the school of Mr. Paley.

Turning to the commentary, we find no falling off from the high level of excellence reached in the previous volumes. The notes are exactly of the kind most useful to an intelligent student; they shirk no difficulties, and yet they are free from the wearisome repetitions and needless detail with which commentators too often overload their writings. Dr. Hayman has, in fact, worked with a single eye to the illustration of the poet's meaning, and without any irrelevant display of learning. The analysis of the narrative is terse and clear, and the sequence and connexion of events are explained beyond all possibility of confusion. The characters of the various actors are discussed with full appreciation of their dramatic force; the rather surly fidelity of Eumeus being particularly well brought out. Very happy, too, is the parallel between Laertes and King Lear, both in Book XVI., where Laertes is described

as sunk in misery and consorting with the slaves, and at the end of the poem, where the old man's longing for his lost vigour is compared with Lear's reminiscence of his younger days:—

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion,  
I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.

We constantly find illustrations from English literature of incidents and phrases in the text. Those from Chaucer are most plentiful and most interesting, as they show frequent resemblances both of thought and expression between the early masters of Greek and of English literature. But while the general literary aspect of the *Odyssey* receives due attention, verbal scholarship is not neglected. In several passages Dr. Hayman dissents from the generally accepted renderings of words and phrases, and though we cannot in every case accept his views, the arguments by which they are supported are always worthy of careful consideration. Dr. Hayman holds that the word *λυσάσας*, if it be an epic word at all, must have meant at that period not "year," as it is generally accepted, but "month." He bases his opinion on the fact that the word seems to denote the course of some luminary, and that the sun has no obvious annual course in the same sense in which he has a daily one, and the moon her monthly one. The argument is ingenious, but as the word is almost certainly of late origin, the speculation is perhaps rather superfluous. In the reply of Menelaus to the request of Telemachus to be allowed to return to his native land (xv. 70) these lines occur:—

νεμεσώμαι δὲ καὶ ἄλλω  
ἀνδρὶ ξενδοκόφῃ, δὲ κ' ἔρχομαι μὲν φιλέησιν,  
ἔρχομαι δ' ἐχθαίρῃσιν· ἀμείνω δ' αἰσῖμα πάντα.

Here Dr. Hayman holds that *φιλέησιν* and *ἐχθαίρῃσιν* refer to one action, and says that "this was probably a proverbial phrase, like our 'killing a man with kindness.'" He compares Horace's line, "invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti." The main ground for this interpretation seems to be that the ordinary rendering, "A host who loves overmuch or hates overmuch," makes *δὲ κ'* refer to two distinct persons. But surely this is not quite the case; and Dr. Hayman's version puts a far more serious strain on the construction of the sentence, besides giving a less satisfactory meaning. Later on in the same book Dr. Hayman renders the words *πρίστον κτεάτεσσιν ἐοῖσιν* "added me by purchase to his possessions." Why should not *κτεάτεσσιν* be the dative of price, as it is generally regarded? For the difficult phrase *τῇ δ' ἄπτερος ἐπλετο μῦθος* Dr. Hayman suggests a new rendering which may very likely be the correct one. He refers the word *μῦθος* not to the speech which has just been spoken, but to the answer which the person addressed might make. Thus it would mean, not "his word unwinged abode with her," as Messrs. Butcher and Lang translate it, but "her word found no wing." A very strong argument in favour of this rendering lies in the fact that in no case where the phrase is used is any reply made. Another instance in which we prefer Dr. Hayman's interpretation to those generally received occurs in xxi. 71. The word *ἐπισχεῖν* is explained by the scholiast as equivalent to *πρόσφασιν*, "pretext"; it has also been taken to mean "aim" or "mark." Dr. Hayman points out that *ἐπισχεῖν* in xvii. 451 certainly follows the sense of *ἐπισχεῖν*, "to stop." According to the analogy of *ὑπόσχεσις* and *ὑποσχέσις*, *ἐπισχεῖν* here should have the same sense. Dr. Hayman, therefore, renders the line "Nor have ye been able to find any other arrest of your purpose," which certainly seems better than the more generally received versions. In the same book occurs an interpretation which will not, perhaps, be so readily accepted. The concluding line of the speech in which Telemachus announces his intention of competing with the wooers, and of keeping his mother at home if he wins, runs as follows:—

οἷός τ' ἦδη πατρός ἀέθλια κἄλ' ἀνελίσθαι.

Dr. Hayman takes the words *ἀέθλια κἄλ'* to be a reference to Penelope's previous speech, and to the words of Telemachus himself, in both of which Penelope is evidently the *ἀέθλιον* in question. He accordingly translates the line "Since I am able to carry off the beautiful prize." It may be objected to this rendering that, if it be correct, the word *πατρός* is rather out of place, and also that, as the weapons have been mentioned much more recently than the prize, the words would more naturally refer to them; the alternative rendering therefore, "to wield the goodly weapons of my father," is on the whole preferable. Still, the suggestion gives evidence of the careful thought and close study which have been brought to bear upon the text.

There is every temptation to prolong indefinitely the agreeable task of discussing Dr. Hayman's valuable and suggestive commentary, the more so as we have at present spoken rather of the few cases in which scholars are likely to dispute his opinions than of the many in which his views are so supported as to be convincing. But it is impossible to give within reasonable limits more than a faint idea of the deep and varied learning, the painstaking research, and the sound literary taste and judgment which the work displays. We have only one fault to find with the book, and that ought scarcely, perhaps, to be laid to Dr. Hayman's charge. Owing, no doubt, to the fact that the book has been printed in Germany, misprints occur in the notes, and more especially in the preface, with painful frequency. We trust that greater care will be taken in the preparation of a future edition, which will surely be soon required.



## VICTOR HUGO AND HIS TIMES.\*

IF excuse is to be found at all for the practice of writing biographies of living persons, it may perhaps be especially found in the case of M. Victor Hugo, who has lived through and taken part in some of the most remarkable events and scenes of the present century, and of whom it seems like a truism to say that he is one of the foremost figures in its literature. The defects of such a biography are inevitable; it is almost perforce written by a person who can see no mistakes in the career of its subject, and who, not content with recognizing M. Victor Hugo as a great poet, dramatist, and novelist, must also consider him in the light of a great politician. It is also inevitable that a good many tolerably well-worn stories should be repeated in its pages, and this is particularly the case with that of the production of *Hernani*, which has been fully enough told in *Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie* and elsewhere. M. Barbou's book has, however, a decided interest of its own. The sketch of the life of Mme. Hugo and her children at the house called Les Feuillantines, where an asylum was found for a time for the unfortunate General Lahorie, makes a good beginning—it occurs in the third chapter—to this account of a singularly interesting life. Lahorie's retreat was discovered, and he was arrested in 1811. The young Victor Hugo never knew who the General, whom he was taught to call godfather, was until his mother showed him some time later on the proclamation that the three ex-Generals—Malef, Guidal, and Lahorie—had been shot in pursuance of the sentence of a court-martial. Between the dates of the arrest and the sentence Mme. Hugo had taken her sons to Madrid, whither she went to join her husband. At this time, "although Joseph Buonaparte had been proclaimed King of Spain, his authority was practically limited to Madrid and to the places occupied by the French army. All the rest of the country was in a state of revolt, and though the passage of an army corps might occasionally make a gap in the insurrection" (an odd translation this of *faisait à travers l'insurrection une trouée dans le pays*)—"the anarchy would immediately again break out in the rear." Every three months an instalment of Joseph's stipend as a Prefect of the Empire was sent to him, and as the guerilleros were always on the look out to intercept the money if possible, it had to be sent under the guard of a strong escort, of whose protections travellers from Bayonne to Madrid were glad enough to avail themselves. Mme. Hugo, in order to go with the royal convoy, purchased the only vehicle that was to be got. This was "one of those great lumbering carriages that are now to be seen only in Piranesi's (*sic*) drawings, or perchance at some political fête in the streets of Rome. It may be described as a huge box, slung between two shafts by means of enormous traces, the steps being placed in such a way that, in order to get inside, the traveller has to climb right over the shaft. It had, however, one advantage; its sides were ball-proof, not to be penetrated by bullets or ordinary grape-shot; consequently, on an emergency, it might be converted into a fortress."

It may be worth while to quote some of the original of the passage just given in order to show with what wonderful carelessness the translation of this work has been made, as might indeed be guessed from Piranesi's name appearing in its French form. The translator, it will be seen, has "got a little mixed" about the steps and the shafts, and has strangely bungled the meaning of M. Barbou with regard to the ball-proof sides. "Qu'on se figure," M. Barbou writes, "une caisse énorme, suspendue entre deux brancards, sur de colossales soupentes, avec des marchepieds soudés à ces brancards; de sorte que l'on commençait par monter sur le brancard, et que l'on finissait par descendre dans la voiture. Cette voiture offrait, du reste, cet avantage, qu'à la rigueur elle pouvait se convertir en forteresse, les parois étant à l'épreuve de la balle, et"—the italics are ours—"ne pouvant être démolis que par la mitraille ou les boulets." It is to be feared that the appearance of the word *boulets* in the English sentence is due to the fact that the word *boulets* is found in the French one. Later in the book the translator makes a mistake which, if in a certain sense more excusable, gives yet stronger proof of carelessness. In the description of a melodrama founded on *Han d'Islande* we have in the translation, "One peculiarity very much commends the piece to the lovers of spectacle. M. Montigny, who afterwards became the intelligent manager of the Gymnase Dramatique, doubled the part of Han d'Islande which had been created by M. Francisque." It can be seen at a glance by any one acquainted with the French tongue that "the lovers of spectacle" is a blundering mistranslation of "les amateurs des spectacles"—Anglicized playgoers—a blunder to which there are many parallels; among them one in a half-forgotten play, which was described as new and original when it first came out, and of which the origin is betrayed by the hero's saying of his wife, "She shines in society like an artificial fire." For the other blunder there is, as we have said, more excuse to begin with, since a person may be fairly said to know French and English well without knowing the technical terms of the French and English theatres. But the very oddness of the phrase, and the mere fact of the word *doublait* being italicized, should have led Miss Frewer to ascertain what it meant, and what was its English equivalent, before she committed herself to a translation of it. And to dis-

cover this she need not, in the first place, have gone further than to the abridged edition of Littré, where she would have found an explanation in French of the technical meaning of the term—the English equivalent for which, to "understudy" a part, might, one would think, have been found out without very much trouble. To "double" a part in English is, of course, a very different thing. Yet more amazing, in connexion with the theatre, of which we naturally hear a good deal in the course of the book, is a mistake for which it is possible that the publishers rather than the translator may be responsible. Facing page 337 in the translation is a clever and impressive sketch by M. Andrieux, which we are gravely invited to accept as a representation of a "Performance at the Théâtre Français." It is almost incredible that this legend should have been attached to the sketch in face, not alone of the fact that it tells its own story plainly enough, but also that it is described in M. Barbou's book in these words:—"A l'ambulance au Théâtre Français." At the beginning of the same chapter—xxx—we are told that "his companion on this mournful journey" (to Paris after Sedan) "was M. Jules Claretie, a man of good family, and a writer of no inconsiderable renown." The French sentence which has been translated in this remarkable fashion is "Un écrivain de bonne race et depuis longtemps célèbre, M. Jules Claretie, fut le compagnon de ce voyage lugubre."

But consideration of a few of the translator's errors has taken us away from Mme. Hugo's journey in a convoy of some three hundred carriages to Madrid, where she and her sons remained for about a year. It was not long after the return to Paris that Victor Hugo began to take to writing. At the age of thirteen, a few days after the battle of Waterloo, he brought out some verses about the defeated Emperor, and two years later he competed for the annual verse prize given by the Academy. Here we must pause again to call attention to one of the stupidest and most careless of the mistranslations which are scattered thickly through the English version of the book. "The verses," we are told, "were remarkable for more than the title." As there is not a single word about the title, this is amazing enough, and its explanation is found in the fact that M. Barbou writes "La pièce était remarquable à plus d'un titre." M. Barbou goes on to quote some of the opening lines:—

Quand la fraîche rosée, au retour de l'aurore,  
Tremble encor sur le sein du lys qui vient d'éclore,  
Quand les oiseaux joyeux célèbrent par leurs chants  
L'astre aux rayons dorés qui féconde nos champs,  
Mon Virgile à la main, bocages verts et sombres,  
Que j'aime à m'égarer sous vos paisibles ombres!  
Que j'aime, en parcourant vos paisibles détours,  
A pleurer sur Didon, à plaindre ses amours!  
Là, mon âme tranquille et sans inquiétude  
S'ouvre avec plus d'ivresse au charme de l'étude,  
Là, mon cœur est plus tendre et sait mieux compatir  
A des maux—que peut-être il doit un jour sentir!

Unluckily, later on in the poem Victor Hugo wrote:—

Moi, qui toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,  
De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours,

The Academy took this for a joke, and showed their resentment of it by dividing the prize between Saintine and Lebrun:—"Ensuite fut nommé Casimir Delavigne, puis Loyson, qui eut un accessit, et enfin Victor Hugo qui, malgré son intention de mystifier l'Académie, et quoiqu'il ait fait la pièce de vers la meilleure, obtint une mention honorable." This sentence the translator, entirely missing its ironical meaning, renders, or rather misrenders, by saying that an honourable mention was accorded to Victor Hugo, "in spite of his presumed attempt to mystify, although there was little doubt that his was the most meritorious of all the compositions that had been sent in." Mme. Hugo, M. Barbou goes on to tell us, "n'accepta pas sans protestation le paragraphe du rapport concernant son fils et ainsi conçu: 'Si véritablement M. Hugo n'a que cet âge, l'Académie lui doit un encouragement.' La mère indignée riposta par une affirmation catégorique, et le rapporteur, M. Raynouard, secrétaire perpétuel, mis au pied du mur, répondit qu'il *faisait*, avec plaisir, la connaissance du jeune poète s'il n'avait point menti. De plus en plus révoltée, Mme. Hugo alla chercher son fils à la pension. 'Viens avec moi,' lui dit-elle; 'je te veux montrer à ces gens qui t'accusent d'être un vieillard! j'ai ton acte de naissance dans ma poche.' Et on courut chez M. le secrétaire perpétuel, qui se confondit en excuses, qui, rougissant, troublé, ne trouva qu'une excuse. Il ne pouvait pas prévoir une semblable chose!"

At the age of sixteen he had written that remarkable romance *Eug-Jargal*, which was not published until a considerably later date; and in 1822, when he was twenty, appeared the *Odes et Ballades*, the publication of which may perhaps be taken as the real beginning of his literary career. With the outlines of that career most people who take any interest in literature are tolerably well acquainted; but even people who have made something of a special study of the subject may find their account in turning to M. Barbou's brightly-written pages. Let them, however, by all means turn to the original, and not to the English version, which, as may be judged from what we have already said, is a sufficiently hopeless piece of work. Enough individual blunders have been pointed to, but it may be worth while to quote the original and the English of the first paragraph in the book to show the spirit in which the task has been set about. M. Barbou writes:—

Le 27 décembre 1880 la ville de Besançon était en fête. La pittoresque cité franc-comtoise, dont l'origine remonte plus loin que la conquête romaine, pavait ses maisons. Des fanfares jetaient leurs notes joyeuses au vent qui les emportait vers les collines entourant la ville d'une couronne

\* *Victor Hugo et son temps*. Par Alfred Barbou. Paris: Charpentier.  
*Victor Hugo and his Times*. Translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer. London: Sampson Low & Co.

de pierres. Partout, au bord du Doubs, dans les rues, dans les carrefours une foule paisible se promenait, attendant l'heure fixée pour une cérémonie à la fois imposante et touchante. . . . Le même nom se répétait avec orgueil de bouche en bouche, excitant des transports d'allégresse et provoquant des exclamations.

The English volume has it thus:—

"The 27th of December, 1880, was a fête day at Besançon. The houses in the picturesque old town, which dates further back than the Roman conquest, were hung with flags, and the echoes of music came back from the surrounding hills. On the banks of the river, in the streets, and in the squares a well-dressed crowd was awaiting a ceremonial of honour. One name was upon every lip—that name was Victor Hugo."

The last chapters of the work are cut about on a larger scale without a word of explanation or apology.

We must not take leave of M. Barbois without thanking him for introducing us to several of M. Victor Hugo's original drawings, which, though not of course the work of a trained artist, are full of dash and perception, while one of them, a caricature of a classicist, has decided humour.

#### THE RULES AND PROCEDURE OF FOREIGN PARLIAMENTS.\*

MR. DICKINSON has done both the public and the House of Commons a service by the publication at the present moment of his convenient handbook of the rules and procedure of foreign Parliaments. Such a book would be interesting at any time to all who give any attention to public affairs; but it will have a quite exceptional interest now, when so many of the more or less mushroom Parliaments of which Mr. Dickinson treats are in the novel position of being held up as examples to our own. And we are inclined to think that Mr. Dickinson's book is not only well timed, but in the main well done. It is essentially a book of reference, compressing a great deal into a small space, and can therefore only be properly judged after long-continued use; but, as far as can be discovered by reading, it has many of the qualities of a good book of reference. The style is clear; the information given is abundant; and, what is of scarcely less importance, we are guided to it by marginal notes and an index, not, indeed, very copious, but sufficient. As the book is, we conclude, primarily intended for those already familiar with the working of our own House of Commons, it would be a little hypercritical to complain that Mr. Dickinson seems to take for granted that his readers have a considerable degree of familiarity with the subject. Many words and phrases of a technical character are used which no layman can quite understand without previous study. But Mr. Dickinson might profitably be occasionally a little more explicit, for the purpose of making his work more intelligible to even the most experienced members of the House. There are not probably many of them who could tell at once what are the exact duties of the "Committee of State Revision," one of the four standing Committees which the lower house of the Danish Rigsdag nominates at the beginning of each session. And once or twice in other parts of the book foreign terms are given which by no means explain themselves. This, however, is the exception and not the rule. The general arrangement of the book might, we think, be materially improved. If a complete list of questions had been drawn up in a form and applied to each country in the same order, and numbered for purposes of reference, it would have materially facilitated the getting of information out of the book. As it is, the arrangement of matter is occasionally a little confused. It differs for each country; the same things are called by different names; and the author has not been able wholly to avoid repetition—a serious defect in a book which, as Mr. Dickinson says in his preface, has to deal with the rules of fourteen different Parliaments, and, we may add, to deal with them in a quarter of the space Sir T. Erskine May has given to our own alone. Thus we have the rules of the clôture in the Danish Rigsdag given twice over in slightly different words. As an exceptional instance of confused wording, resulting in inaccuracy in stating facts, we would call Mr. Dickinson's attention to his paragraph on the United States Senate in p. 60. By a wholly unnecessary use of that dangerous weapon, the historic present, he has contrived to deprive two-thirds of the members of that august body of part of their due allowance of six years' service. The United States have indeed had generally a malignant influence on Mr. Dickinson. While his work was in course of being compiled, a new apportionment of members of the House of Representatives has made his statement of the number of members, and of voters entitled to elect one, already antiquated. It is no longer every 130,000, but every 151,000, of the population of the Union who divide among them the privilege of electing a Congressman. The blame of this inaccuracy must, however, be laid rather on the abnormally rapid growth of the United States than on Mr. Dickinson.

Looking at the constitution and methods of working of the different legislative bodies described in this "Summary," it is impossible to avoid finding a wonderful sameness in the whole class. Excepting the ancient and famous Diet of Hungary at one end, and the thoroughly democratic single Chamber of Norway—the Storting—at the other, none of them have a character of their own; all, with very trifling variations in detail, have been cast in

the same mould. Even the historical Diet of Sweden, which has almost as long and as illustrious a pedigree as the Hungarian, has recast itself from its four Houses of nobles, clergy, burgesses, and peasants, into two Chambers of the approved modern model. They may differ in trifling details as to election of their Presidents and so forth; but these are matters of as little importance as the method of arranging business at the Board of a Railway Company, and no more entitled to be considered as models to be imitated by our Parliament. We hope we do not offend against the courtesy due to a friendly nation, as Mr. Goschen has so recently impressed on the House, when we feel a certain impatience at seeing such empty pageants as the Portuguese Cortes, House of Peers and all, treated as if it really meant anything serious. However, that is probably wrong, for has not Mr. Gladstone shown the tenderest anxiety not to mistake the exact nature of the clôture used in the Spanish Cortes, an even less genuine legislative body? Houses such as these are practically created by the Ministry of the day, and are at its orders. The passage in which Mr. Dickinson discusses the question of the existence of the clôture in Spain—Mr. Dickinson is, we may observe, decidedly inclined to find the clôture wherever there is the least indication of its existence—illustrates excellently the real nature of these bodies:—

The clôture may be said to exist indirectly, and to result from the action allowed to the President on the order of Parliamentary discussion. This action may be brought to bear by him, at his own discretion, in order to postpone until the next sitting the discussion of any question in the order of the day then before the Chamber. The question next in order must then be debated.

The effect of this procedure is to facilitate the business of the Government by enabling them either to adjourn or bring on any particular sitting; in fact, it enables them to arrange the business before the Chamber as best suits their convenience.

Such a Chamber as this is obviously not a free deliberative body at all. As, however, the practice of foreign Legislatures is being held up now as of good example in various ways for ourselves, it is not uninteresting to see what it is, particularly in the matter of the clôture, for the recommending of which it is usually cited.

At the very outset it is worth noticing how little work any of these bodies do as compared with our House of Commons. It is important to observe this, because the argument in favour of the clôture, drawn from its common adoption abroad, generally follows a complaint of the press of work on our Parliament. The inference is that the clôture has been adopted to expedite work. That inference has, however, no basis of fact. Much of the work done by the House of Commons falls on the Administration abroad, or on provincial Diets such as exist in the Austrian Empire, or, in America, on the Legislatures of the States. The press of work on these bodies is so light that night debates are almost unknown among them. Mr. Dickinson's "Summary" is full of evidence that the clôture has always existed, not for the purpose of expediting work or putting down obstruction, but to suppress opposition. In Europe it is found only in full bloom in the legislative bodies which have been accepted as inevitable evils by despotic Governments. Mr. Dickinson, who, as we have said, is very ready to find the clôture wherever he can, names only Hungary and Norway as the two in which it is unknown. Even if that were strictly true, it would be important, since the Hungarian Diet stands alone among the Parliaments of the Continent in antiquity. But there are other countries in which the clôture is unknown, as this book itself shows. In Sweden, another country where Parliamentary government is a reality of long standing, we are told that "no proposal must be made as to whether the voting shall take place or not, neither is any decision on this question allowable." This amounts to a prohibition of all forms of the previous question. In Switzerland, Mr. Dickinson tells us that the "clôture of the debate can be decided upon if two-thirds of the members present demand it; but it cannot be pronounced so long as a member who has not yet spoken desires to make a motion and to explain it. When no other person demands permission to speak the President declares the debate closed, and after its close no one has any right to request leave to address the House." It is not easy to see how this can be called a clôture at all, except in the sense that the unanimous decision of any assembly that a debate has lasted long enough is a clôture. The only country in which this measure is imposed by the President when he thinks he has gathered that the "evident sense of the House" is in favour of it, is Denmark. It is, perhaps, an illustration of the efficiency of the clôture that Parliamentary government has been in a state of deadlock in that country for some years. Mr. Dickinson's account of how the "evident sense of the House" is gathered in Belgium is so instructive that we cannot avoid quoting it entire:—

In the Lower House the close of the debate is demanded in the following manner. When it is evident that it has been sufficiently protracted, and that the majority are getting tired, or that the minority are merely obstructing the course of business, the Prime Minister and the President of the Chamber are consulted by the whip of the majority as to the advisability of demanding the "clôture." If they are both of opinion that the proper moment has arrived for exercising this right, a hint is given to some of the members near to raise the cry of "la clôture" after a member of the Opposition has concluded his speech. These first cries are merely intended as a warning that the clôture will be demanded immediately. When two more speeches have been delivered, one on each side, a member of the Opposition always speaking last, the President, on the cry of "la clôture" being energetically renewed, inquires if the motion is supported by ten members, and, on these rising in their places, puts the question to the vote, which is taken by sitting and rising.

\* Summary of the Rules and Procedure of Foreign Parliaments, Compiled by Reginald Dickinson, one of the Committee Clerks of the House of Commons. London: Vacher & Sons. 1882.



What the security is that, whenever the Prime Minister finds the arguments of the Opposition becoming inconveniently strong or their inquiries disagreeably searching, he will not also discover obstruction in their attitude, we are not informed. We also learn from Mr. Dickinson that the practice of taking up in one Session Bills partially discussed in the previous one exists in almost as many countries as enjoy the benefits of any form of the *clôture*.

No part of Mr. Dickinson's "Summary" is of so much interest as those which treat of the *clôture* at the present moment. But there are little details given here and there which illustrate the working of Parliamentary institutions under different conditions which are not without a possible application to ourselves. In circumstances contemplated as possible by one of Her Majesty's Ministers, the organization of the "Regnicolar" Committees of the Austro-Hungarian Delegation may also become worthy of our careful attention. When one country of that Federation wishes to transact business with another, Committees called "regnicolar" are appointed for the purpose. Many details are also given of the various ways adopted to deal with the familiar Parliamentary evil of bribery and of the extent of its existence. In Norway it is unknown, because nobody who is able to bribe thinks it worth his while to belong to the *Storting*; and in Sweden "it is said" to be unknown without qualification, but apparently because everybody is too virtuous to bribe. We venture to doubt the existence of any authority for this idyllic state of things. In Austria it is an offence at law to bribe, but the Delegation alone decides on the validity of an election. A member therefore who is declared duly elected by a party vote would still be liable to be imprisoned by a judge.

#### FRAU FROHMANN.\*

MR. TROLLOPE'S admirers whose memories are alive to his best work will be in some difficulty as to what to say of a volume like the present—a collection of slight stories gathered together from periodicals, costing the writer as little trouble as may be, and only inviting criticism when promoted to such perpetuity as a showy binding can promise when further adorned by a distinguished and popular author's name. It is not that the stories are slight, but that an author's defects and slovenliness of style naturally expatiate in such a field. A real plot is, of course, not to be wasted on a few pages. The story must therefore owe its force to the characters engaged in it; and yet it is not worth while to expend much invention on characters that play so brief a part. Especially will this be the case with a writer whose lively style, knowledge of his art, and practised hand render him tolerably sure of a preference over less gifted, if more painstaking, rivals in the arena for which his work is primarily designed. However little trouble he may take, however easily his work may be knocked off, Mr. Trollope is always readable.

It would seem that with writers devoting themselves to fiction, and endowed with the requisite strength, mental and physical, to make composition in that field the business of their lives, a time must arrive when, in the matter of plot, incident, and delineation of character, one of two courses becomes a necessity. Either the invention must overstep certain bounds hitherto respected, and expatiate in the eccentric, forced, and grotesque, or it must repeat itself. Nature is really inexhaustible, but no eye takes in all within its range. The invention exercises itself upon what is congenial at the period when the imagination is in greatest working force, leaving unexplored the fields beyond. A time comes to every writer when observation has lost some of its keen grasping power; new impressions, even in his own line, do not go deep. In this strait the more prolific fancy, rather than confess itself exhausted, lets itself wildly loose, goes further and further afield into the improbable, till it indulges in monstrous conceptions of what is possible in human nature, making men and women play parts and spend lives for good or evil in pursuits and toward ends beyond the extravagance of dreams. The less excursive fancy, held habitually under the sway of reason, or rather of the possible, kept in check by experience of social life and its restraints, is out of its element in extravagances, and therefore is fain to fall back, whether consciously or not, on the old types—the old forces of temper and character, and the influence of circumstances and situation upon them. It could never, under any stress or craving for the novel and unexpected, have occurred to Mr. Trollope, for instance, to represent, as Dickens does with spirit and serious relish, an old dustman suddenly come to a great fortune, as fitting himself for his new sphere by engaging a ballad seller out of the streets, a ballad seller "with a wooden leg," to read Gibbon's *Rise and Fall* to him every evening in a sandal parlour, out of which a space, carpeted and elegantly furnished, is devoted to the wife—Mrs. Dustman—who, "going in neck and crop for fashion," sits a listener in full evening dress of velvet and feathers. Such are the shifts of a fancy that believes itself inexhaustible—monstrous conceptions, though always enlivened in Dickens's case by touches of nature. The author of *Dr. Thorn* and the whole delightful Barsetshire series, having no turn for violent departures from the life he sees and has lived in, does not, when his soberer genius is at fault, invade the regions of the impossible. He turns back rather on the influences that he believes most potent

in the world of social life; on the two temperaments that play their part in it—the obstinate and the vacillating; the latter always masculine, the heroes of so many novels posing as the ass between two bundles of hay; the obstinate generally feminine, though it was to Mr. Crawley that the old rustic quoted the encouraging proverb "It's dogged as does it." An unreasonable hard woman, resolute of will, figures constantly in Mr. Trollope's tales, though she does not, as a rule, get her way, for the young people are represented nowadays as all-powerful. There are no successful Lady Ashtons in modern fiction. Three, we may say four, out of the five stories in this volume have their *raison d'être* in an obstinate woman's will. The character has become Mr. Trollope's speciality. We own to getting a little tired of this old woman who is not to be moved from the fixed purpose of her soul till the end draws near, when she is conquered or brought round, not by any change of conviction, but because the last chapter is close at hand.

The heroine of *Frau Frohmann; Why she changed her Prices* is one of these old women. The story is put foremost not as likely to be most interesting to the class of readers on whom such volumes depend, but because it has cost the writer most trouble. It is a lesson in political economy after the pattern of Miss Martineau's series. The point of obstinacy is at least novel; that a foreign hotel-keeper should risk ruin rather than raise her prices, puts the author's favourite quality in an attractive aspect before the reader. The struggle with inevitable progress and change is told with a mastery of details characteristic of the author. "If there ever was a Tory upon earth, the Frau Frohmann was a Tory." She was "a woman who loved power, but who loved to use it for the benefit of those around her, or at any rate to think that she so used it. She believed in the principles of despotism and paternal government, but always on the understanding that she was to be the despot." The world was to stand still for Frau Frohmann; she would neither charge more nor pay more. Under this illusion necessarily arise quarrels with the butcher and baker; desertion on the part of the peasant-women, who carry their poultry to a better market; failures of supply in the smaller matters of wild fruits, which used to find their way as a matter of course to the hotel table, estrangement of neighbours, labourers, familiars of every class. Her unwilling conversion, or rather grudging submission to the inevitable, under a lecture on the modern cheapness of gold preached to her by an English political economist, brings the story to a happy conclusion. To this gentleman she communicates her latest experience:—

"The people don't seem to think any more of seven zwanzigers and a half than they do of six! It's very odd—very odd, indeed. I suppose it's all right, sir?" This she asked still thinking that there must be something wrong in the world when so monstrous a condition of things seemed to prevail.

"They'd think a great deal of it if you charged them more than they believed sufficient to give you a fair profit for your outlay."

"How can they know anything about it, Mr. Cartwright?"

"Ah! indeed; how do they? But they do. You and I, Frau Frohmann, must study these matters very closely before we can find out how they adjust themselves."

The second story, "The Lady of Launay," has for its leading personage a stiff-necked old woman, making herself and everybody else miserable for an obstinate adherence to what she thinks right. She, too, is a Tory. But here the fixed, immovable temper is not all on one side. If the old lady is ready to sacrifice her own happiness and that of her son to the claims of family and descent, the low-born heroine is equally immovable. She would be no heroine of Mr. Trollope's if she did not stick to her lover under any conceivable difficulties, ethical, social, or prudential. We need not say that the old woman has to give way. The lesson to be learnt is, let not benevolent women of this order adopt small penniless orphans on the strength of commonplace features and weak eyes where there is an only son, lest, as in this case, time should work its wonders on face, complexion, and eyes, and the insignificant child bloom out into loveliness.

In "Alice Dugdale" the quality of will and desperate determination to carry it out is exhibited in the match-making mother. The gossip of society is full of such mothers, but in fiction their delineation is neither pleasant nor edifying. It is difficult to conceive Lady Wanless as other than a somewhat coarse caricature. The object of her schemes is the hero of two minds with whom Mr. Trollope's readers are so familiar. His real preference rests on a worthy young woman, daughter of the village doctor, a perfect paragon of devotion to her step-brothers and sisters, but homely for her station both in dress and occupation. Her rival, one of a baronet's five daughters, is a perfect beauty in form and feature, a model of grace on horseback and archery ground, with every advantage of dress and surroundings. It ought not to require gross artifices and bold advances on the mother's part to get a husband for so much perfection; but Lady Wanless seems to think that nothing less will do, and the gentleman, on his side, falls into the transparent snare so far as to take for granted that he must give in, and regards himself as a lost man. Why he escapes is as difficult to understand as why he is regarded as so important and desirable a victim. In earlier days Mr. Trollope would have punished such weakness; but this moral would not suit the readers of ephemeral fiction. "Christmas at Thompson Hall" is also a case of female will carrying its point. The story professes to be an incident of travel, and is told with spirit, and with the author's enjoyment of a grotesque blunder.

The best tale in the book we have left to the last, as being

\* *Frau Frohmann; and other Stories.* By Anthony Trollope. London: William Isbister.

free from fault on the points we have criticized. The two stock characters are absent; female resolution stands in a respectable light, and there is no hero who does not know his own mind. The scene also is laid in a quarter familiar to the writer, and altogether strange to the ordinary reader; though the Post Office records of the year have spoken of the great room at the top of one of the buildings belonging to the Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where, according to our author, a staff of eight hundred girls do much of the work of the Telegraph department, earning eighteen shillings a week for eight hours daily labour. The author shows a kindly sympathy for the trials and difficulties of young women thrown thus upon their own exertions, and has drawn two portraits which might well be the result of close observation—two girls, with no family ties, who have to rely on their own sense and moral qualities for their respectability. The elder and superior of these telegraph girls is really superior, modest, industrious, and self-sacrificing under the dictates of reason; her companion—for the two have supposed it to be at once economical and cheerful to live together—is very natural in her way, though a good deal less superior. But if baronets' daughters work hard to be married, neither author nor reader can be severe on a telegraph girl who looks forward to having a husband to work for her, and who uses any art within her limited powers to get one. The conjunction lets us into the habits of the class—the choice of amusements, the self-restraint necessary to keep away from the forms of recreation that are nearest at hand and most exciting, and, above all, the difficulties that beset in such a case the intercourse between the sexes. Lucy Graham is severely resolved on the subject of Music Halls. Sophy sees things in another light. If people were to feel like her monitress, "there would be no coming together of people at all." Sophy is pretty, spends her money on dress, and finally makes eyes at a grave artisan who has taken lodgings in the same house, and who, as it turns out, would suit Lucy a great deal better. We need not tell the story, but it is a relief to all parties when Sophy writes from Hastings—where the Post Office Department has "provided a kindly aid for young women," some five or six at a time being sent out for a month to Hastings or Brighton to be employed there in the telegraph offices—and makes all comfortable by announcing that "a very gentlemanly young man, who is going into partnership in a hairdressing establishment," had proposed to her, and she had accepted him.

Though Mr. Trollope may seem in these tales to descend from his earlier level, and to apply his powers to work beneath the legitimate pretensions of his genius, yet that such work is his goes for a good deal; his style, his liveliness, his command of his subject, and his self-reliance, give a flavour and spirit to his trifles that must always distinguish them from the efforts of less able pens.

#### THE SAINTS OF THE TELL.\*

"Il n'y a pas jusqu'aux légendes qui ne puissent nous apprendre à connaître les mœurs des nations," said Voltaire; and modern research tends more and more to justify his appreciation of the value of popular traditions. Among legendary collections the Mohammedan deserves a notable place; but that place has hitherto been denied it. It is true that every traveller has stories to tell of the wonderful saints that Eastern piety delights to reverence; and it is difficult to pass even the briefest sojourn in a Mohammedan country without some personal experience of modern hagiolatry. The brawny saints who parade the streets of Cairo or Damascus, perfectly naked and brandishing a heavy staff, are the commonest and unpleasantest sights of the East. It is not always agreeable to meet one of these lunatics when he is in a savage mood; and the traveller who had to hold on with might and main to the pointed end of the staff with which a big but holy man was resolutely prodding him must have experienced a peculiarly *mauvais quart d'heure*. But the mad saints, who bark like a dog and run about the city, are not the highest type of the Moslem hierarchy—a hierarchy which consists chiefly of self-appointed enthusiasts, and which has no canonical standing in the system of the Koran and Sunna. The various orders of dervishes contain, especially among their sheikhs or welis, a number of holy men of a quieter, but much more genuine, stamp. Readers of Lane will remember the remarkable experience of the traveller in the case of Sheikh Ali el-Laysi, a saint who obtained his reputation as much by good works and devotion to the poor and unfortunate as by his extraordinary manifestations of second-sight. Saints of this kind are rarer than they used to be, for we live in an unbelieving generation; but there are still many of whom strange tales of miracle and clairvoyance are related in all good faith by pious, but perhaps over-credulous, Moslems.

The saints of the past, however, are much the most interesting. As there is no contemporary evidence to check the imagination, the legends of the saints of old grow with the telling, and frequently assume entirely new aspects, like the myths of ancient Greece in the hands of Theocritus. Not seldom we find that the Mohammedan hagiographer has incorporated into the story of a good Moslem saint the prodigies manifested by some dog of the Christian *Legenda aurea*; and it is just possible that Giacomo de Voraggio was indebted to the Arabs for a few episodes in his veracious his-

tories. When Christian and Moslem saints thus come into collision, it is often impossible to say which was the original, and the investigator is thrown back upon the Mohammedan chronicler's phrase of bewilderment—*God knows best!* There are several Christian features in the collection of Algerian legends which Colonel Trumelet has translated, but whether they were first of all Mohammedan or not is an open question. The saints of the Tell are perhaps more subject to plagiarism than others, for geographical reasons; but they are not otherwise very different from the saints of other Moslem countries. There is, indeed, a curious family likeness among Mohammedan saints which is somewhat discouraging to the collector of legends; the holy men too often show a lamentable poverty of invention, and content themselves with the trite performances of their predecessors. They are fond of making their *début* in a blaze of soft white light, surrounded by an odour of musk; they generally contrive to exhibit a miracle or two in the course of a long life spent in meditation, and at the expense of the neighbourhood, in a kubba, or cubby-house, erected in some lonely spot; and after dying in a commonplace matter-of-fact way, they expect their kubba to be visited for all time by crowds of worshippers who want blessings, or crops, or children, and are ready to pay for them. The saints of the Tell are chiefly of this ordinary type; but they have the advantage of being very numerous. The truth is that the wise men of the East soon discovered how easy it was to impose upon a race of simple credulous mountaineers like the Berbers, and North Africa became the favourite field of Mohammedan propaganda. Every new heresy, every unusually preposterous doctrine, every unfounded claim to imams and descent from the Prophet, was sure to find a hearing and a following among the Berbers. They were a long time taking in Islam; but when at last they accepted it, they swallowed it whole, with a great deal of seasoning which did not belong to the original dish. With the natural tendency of an ignorant folk to prefer the improbable, the extravagant, and the absurd, the Berbers have always loved the excrescences of Islam rather than its plain substance, and every apostle of an outrageous imposture had but to journey to the Barbary States in order to find himself believed. Hence there has always been a determination of saints, cōnobites, friars, dervishes, and other varieties of the banditti of Islam to Morocco, and the other lands bordering the Mediterranean on its African side. The narrative of their lives and wonderful deeds would fill as many volumes as the threescore of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists which has been going on for the last two centuries, and is not much nearer the end. Colonel Trumelet has wisely decided to confine his present researches to a small division of the inexhaustible theme—to the lives and acts of the chief saints whose precious remains repose in that portion of Africa now occupied by the French. As it is, the subject is sufficiently extensive; and the present volume is only an instalment of the final work. It is enough, however, to give the reader a very fair idea of Mohammedan saints, and their cult in North Africa, even without the volume on the *Saints of the Sahara* which is announced as forthcoming.

We doubt whether the perusal of the present volume (if so be it arrives at the triumphant state of having been perused) will necessarily lead the student to continue his researches into the volume now in the press. It must be admitted that these saints of the Tell are a very dreary folk. In the first place, they have not even the merit of antiquity; they are almost all of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And their newness is not redeemed by that fulness of detail which would prove so valuable to the student of manners. The histories of these saints are much too sketchy and vague to be of any service in this way. Some idea, no doubt, may be gleaned of how they live among the Kabiles and Berbers; but the information will hardly repay the trouble required to obtain it. Colonel Trumelet deserves all gratitude for rescuing these traditions from probable oblivion, but he has certainly executed his task on an over-diffuse scale. There is a great deal too much of the narrator interpersed with the narrative, and many of M. Trumelet's wise and witty sayings might have been omitted with advantage. To be sharp and satirical is not the proper aim of the relater of popular legends; one must tell them (as Colonel Trumelet himself admits) with implicit faith, if they are to possess any reality to the reader. But, apart from a certain tedium of style, the stories are inevitably monotonous, since the saints themselves are so exactly like one another. They all begin with a touch of the picturesque—"A few hundred yards to the west of such a village there stands a clump of venerable olive-trees," or something of this sort. In the midst of this clump of olive-trees there is, of course, the inevitable "kubba," the neatly white-washed chapel beneath which repose the mortal remains of the marabout or saint. The great merit of these saints is that they act as a species of forest conservators to a large number of cedar and olive groves, and Colonel Trumelet has excellent reason when he regrets that Algerian forests are not universally under the protection of a saint. The history of the first saint in the present collection centres in these olive-trees, and really possesses no interest beyond them. Sidi Ya'kub esh-Sherif was among the refugees from the Spanish persecution at the end of the fifteenth century; he went into retirement in Morocco; in his old age made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina; and on his return to Morocco found that the tent-pegs of his first camp on the journey had grown up into a fine grove of olive-trees, by virtue of the sacred object of the pilgrimage. Sidi Ya'kub therefore incontinently resolved to die on that spot. He was seen

\* *Les saints de l'islam: légendes hagiologiques et croyances algériennes.* Par le Colonel C. Trumelet, officier de l'instruction publique, etc. *Les saints du Tell.* Paris: Didier. 1881.



to glide in a brilliant sheen of light down to the river, and there to perform his religious ablutions. A bright star was then observed by the wondering disciples to approach the saint in the middle of the stream. This was Sidi Ahmed El-Kbir, who dwelt at the foot of the gorge. The two saints embraced and conversed; an owl flew screeching over their heads, the lights straightway disappeared, and next morning Sidi Ya'kub was found dead in the attitude of prayer. They buried him among the olive-trees, and Allah sent the pious Jinn to build a kubba over him; and thither pilgrims resort from all quarters of the land, barefoot, to implore the favours and intercession of the holy marabout, or to learn when the Day of Judgment will be. When the French soldiers prepared to cut down the sacred trees, a phantom axe was seen in the air over each Zouave's head, brandishing itself in so menacing a fashion that the operation was abruptly abandoned.

This is a fair specimen of the legends of the Moslem saints contained in the collection of M. Trumelet. Indeed it is rather too favourable an example to be quite typical. The next saint is a very dull creature, and really does and says nothing worth recording; and as to the third, Sidi Abd-er-Rahman et-Taalebi, he was an unsociable old man, who, when urged to join in a dance of the country, not only refused, but cursed the poor dancers, and had them all swallowed up in the earth, after the manner of Korah. Sidi Mohammed, the fourth saint in this calendar, literally died in a ditch; but it was a miraculous ditch, which emitted a supernatural light. The deceased saint himself became identified with the cedar-tree on which he habitually perched when alive, and the ignorant woodman who felled the tree (and was struck dead for his pains) found that the axe drew blood. It is curious to find the myth of Polydorus in a Mohammedan legend; but Virgil was known in Africa some time before "Auld Mahoun." The fifth saint, Sidi Salim, and a good many more, are remarkable for nothing but a little miracle; nor can we regard as very striking the tale of Yezid, the hideous guardian of untold treasure, who half killed the unfortunate man who had been rash enough to eat part of the cake intended for himself. Sidi Ikhlef is a better saint; he at least reposed serenely in the midst of a raging fire, and called down the elements to destroy an unbelieving people—and they did come when he called. Another saint, Sidi Bou-Seba-Hajjat, did not stop short at appearing in an aureole of light, as too many of his comrades do, but tamed lions, fed a large company out of a dish whose contents never diminished, and annually performed the pilgrimage to Mecca without leaving his own kubba on the right bank of the Wady Raba for a single hour. After his death, any lion who came within the precincts of the saint's tomb was instantly rooted to the ground, so that a child could kill him. There is a certain originality about Sidi Bou-Seba-Hajjat which is sadly to seek in most of the characters of Colonel Trumelet's hagiology.

But the great saint of the book, occupying indeed nearly a quarter of it, is Sidi Ahmed El-Kbir, the pious, wise, devout, humble marvel of his age, who had done everything in the way of pilgrimages and travels that a saint should do, had been twice to Mecca and Medina, explored Egypt, visited Deyr et-Jin and there inspected the relics of the Prophet, had prayed in the great mosque at Jerusalem, seen the lofty fortress of Aleppo of which the poet said—

You can ride to the Milky Way as you ride to a neighbouring well,  
And your horses may browse on the stars as they crop the flowers of the dell.

He had seen Damascus, "the mole of beauty in the cheek of the world," the city "whose stones are pearls, its earth ambergris, and its northerly breezes like the bouquet of wine"; he had prayed in the mosque of Cordova, wept over Granada; he had seen everything, and studied all knowledge; and at last he came to honour Algiers with his latter years and his tomb. He chose a charming retreat, and as there was no water, he walked to the springs of Jebel Dakhla, and made them follow him back over a mountainous country till they settled at a convenient distance from the spot he had selected for his dwelling, which he forthwith erected with becoming simplicity. Here he performed miracles, confuted and confounded impostors and hypocrites, and especially interested himself in providing for the exiled Moors whom the Christian reconquest had banished from Spain. To their interest he gained the famous Kheir eddin, when the great Pasha and pirate came to visit him in his retreat in 1533, and "by his munificence Sidi Ahmed El-Kbir became the founder of Blida." This mighty saint died in 1540, but his memory is still green in the land. The weekly visits to his tomb are attended by innumerable devotees, and forty successive Saturdays there count as much as the pilgrimage to Mecca. Once a year there is a magnificent festival, after the manner of the great festival of the Seyyid El-Bedawi at Tanta, only more decorous. Each step, barefoot, of the way to this festival is reckoned for seven hundred good actions by the recording angel.

The interest of these marabout saints is less personal than political or social. They have always taken a leading part in North African politics, and they have power enough to make peace or war, and to sign a treaty on behalf of their followers. They used to regulate the election of chiefs, and maintain the sanctuary of the market, where arrests and reprisals were never permitted. The people regard them as the mouth-pieces of God, and will follow them in everything and repair to them in every difficulty. They live upon their worshippers and amass great wealth; but the devotion of

the people to them does not abate on that account. A marabout's safe-conduct will protect the bearer even in places where his name is unknown. These saints have often given the French no inconsiderable trouble in Algiers. Abd El-Kader's lieutenants were mostly marabouts, and scarcely a revolt has occurred which was not prompted by one of this religious fraternity. Unauthorized by the original constitution of Mohammedanism, opposed to the spirit of Mohammed's organization, the saints of Islam have nevertheless acquired a power and footing in Moslem countries which entitle them to more attention than their personal qualities would command. Colonel Trumelet's collection of their lives is a curious contribution to a subject which presents many points of interest, and some of importance, to all who have to do with the government of Mohammedan peoples.

#### DRUMMOND AND ANDERSON'S ANCIENT SCOTTISH WEAPONS.\*

THIS volume is indeed a goodly sight for the eyes of those who keep about them so much of the old Adam as to take, like Hybrias of Crete in Campbell's vigorous rendering of his song, "joy in a well-made sword." It represents a considerable portion of the life-work of an enthusiastic Scottish antiquary; and in beauty and delicacy of execution the materials left by Mr. Drummond have probably never been surpassed by anything of the kind. The execution of the book is in all respects worthy of the design. It is a delight equally to book-lovers and to weapon-lovers, and those who happen to combine both tastes may be allowed without frivolity to find it better company than the last utterly silly and wildly ungrammatical novel, or the latest exposition in a review article of the relation of the unknown to the unknowable, the proper behaviour of a virtuous missionary in a joss-house, or our duties to everybody except our neighbour. In these fifty-four plates we get a view of characteristic Scottish arms, equipment, and ornament, as complete as the nature of the case admits. If we regret, as assuredly some of us will, that in some respects it is not more complete, we shall find our answer in the Introduction. Neither historical continuity nor perfect certainty of historical arrangement is now attainable. "These national relics are not so frail and perishable as many classes of objects that are gathered from all ends of the earth to crowd our museums. But they were proscribed by law, and delivered from proscription only to be consigned to universal neglect; and thus it happens that Scotland possesses no adequately representative collection of the objects which illustrate, as nothing else can illustrate, the most peculiar and picturesque phases of her national history and native art." The proscriptive measures referred to are the stringent Arms Acts passed after the Jacobite risings of the eighteenth century. We do not feel sure, however, that neglect would not have done pretty much the same work without them. In the first half of the seventeenth century there must have been many thousands of long bows in England in perfectly good order. At the present day not more than one or two specimens are known, and those have been preserved by pure accident. Arrows have so completely perished that the length of the cloth-yard shaft is still a moot point among our modern archers and historians of archery. These weapons, no doubt, were exceptionally perishable. But other mediæval arms and armour have mostly come down to us only when they belonged to persons of high degree, and were in some sort heirlooms. And if the typical arms of the Scottish Highlands had not been carried by chiefs as well as by their men, we conceive that the late Mr. Drummond's pencil would have had fewer and less favourable subjects than those now laid before us.

In any case we must be thankful for what, in one way or another, has come to the hands of our generation; and it is well to leave regrets and make the most of our enjoyment. We begin with the target, the most characteristic part of the Highland equipment. Many Southron readers will be surprised to learn how moderate were its dimensions. The specimens here figured are not more than twenty or twenty-one inches in diameter, somewhere about half the width of the great round shield borne by the Homeric heroes. Probably the Highlandmen were in the right of it; their target made up in handiness what it abandoned in area. Being of no great weight, it would be rapidly movable, and to a certain extent it could even be a weapon of offence, for in several of these examples a formidable spike may be affixed to the central boss. When this is not in use, a case is provided for it in the deerskin lining of the inner side. The material of the target is wood covered with leather; metal-covered or metal shields are found only as exceptions. Mr. Drummond has figured one bronze shield dug out of a marsh, and ornamented in a thoroughly archaic style, and one plain iron one, of whose date nothing is stated or conjectured. The regular covering of leather gave occasion for excellent ornamental work. It is best described in bookbinders' language as blind tooling; and indeed there are many patterns on these targets from which the modern bookbinder might well take a hint. The flowing interlaced curves of some of them show a really admirable decorative taste and execution. We likewise find, sometimes together with this kind of ornament, sometimes instead of it, symmetrical arrangements of nail-heads and metal

\* *Ancient Scottish Weapons.* A series of Drawings by the late James Drummond, R.S.A. With Introduction and Descriptive Notes by Joseph Anderson, Custodian of the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London: Waterston & Sons. 1881.

studs, and now and then of larger brass plates. These additions would to some extent increase the strength of the target, but their first purpose was evidently decoration. It was not till the seventeenth century that shields were fairly discarded in the rest of Europe. The swordsmen of Italy and France made the discovery, which at the time must have seemed a paradox, that the sword is stronger without a shield than with it. But the discovery was long in travelling northwards; the Highlandman clung to his target for more than a century later, and its final disappearance from the Highland regiments is not much beyond living memory. Certainly one who possessed an ancestral target like those figured here might be excused for not willingly putting it aside as obsolete.

Various types of swords receive about as much illustration as the targets. Among these the Scottish basket-hilted broadsword, commonly but inaccurately called the claymore, holds a less important place than we should have expected; it appears, however, to have come into fashion rather late, and to have seen its best days from the late sixteenth to the early eighteenth century. There is a question of some curiosity, briefly discussed in the Introduction, as to the true meaning of the name Ferrara, Ferara, or Farara, as denoting the make of sword-blades "which, for some unknown reason, attained exceptional popularity in Scotland." Nothing is known of the supposed Andrew Ferrara beyond what may be inferred from the trade-mark itself. As far as the name goes, it might as easily be Spanish as Italian. One Scottish sword is actually signed, "Andrea Ferara em Lisboa." Mr. Anderson inclines to think that the original Andrea Ferara was a Spaniard, and that his name, having acquired renown, was continued as a trade-mark by his successors, and was also adopted by armourers in various parts of Europe as the trade name of a particular kind of blade. The hypothesis is perhaps not convenient for antiquaries, as it would make it hard to assign any fixed test for the genuineness of alleged examples. The blade purporting to be an "Andrew Ferara" may, on this view, be any one of three things—namely, the work of some one strictly entitled, by name or succession, to use the words as his proper trade-mark; or of a fraudulent competitor desiring to pass off his inferior wares as of the "Andrew Ferara" make; or, again, of an honest competitor, only meaning to hold out that his blades were of the class and quality which had come to be commonly known by that name. It might also conceivably be a quite modern forgery with intent to impose on antiquaries and collectors; but we do not apprehend that this case is frequent, or would be very difficult to deal with. If the distinctions suggested by Mr. Anderson's explanation appear too subtle, we can only answer that they are those recognized in the latest and most elaborate decisions of our Courts on the subject of trade-marks and trade names.

The broadswords here figured must be massive and heavy weapons, not admitting of much dexterity of play. No measurements are given, which we regret, but some of them are stated to be of great length; and by comparison of the hilts with the blades as they appear in the plates we should think one or two of them are longer than any modern heavy cavalry sword. One remarkable feature is the "median ridge," which in several examples runs from the hilt halfway down the blade or further. Sometimes the blade tapers to a fine point, and the ridge is continued the whole length. This construction of a two-edged blade strengthened by a protuberant ridge presents, as far as we can judge from the drawings, a near approach to the triangular blade of the modern duelling sword. In this last, indeed, the angles are not equal; the section would be a rather flat isosceles triangle with the sides curved inward. Hence it seems possible that in the broadsword blade with a "median ridge" we have the origin, or one origin, of the triangular one. If examples of the narrow double-edged rapier which the triangular sword supplanted were found with the midrib, the probability would be much increased; but we do not know if there are any such. It must be remembered, however, that three-edged and four-edged dagger blades occur much earlier. As to the modern bayonet blade, we believe that it came in so nearly at the same time with the bayonet-shaped duelling sword that neither can be said to have imitated the other. Before we leave this class of weapons, we may note that the Scottish basket-hilt is preferred by good judges to the guard of modern regulation sabres. We mean those of recent make; the light cavalry sword of a century ago, with its excessive curve in the blade and wholly inadequate protection for the hand, was probably the very worst pattern ever produced.

The earlier two-handed swords are as much or more beloved, we suppose, by antiquaries; but we confess that they interest us less. As weapons they must have been awkward and inartistic, though formidable when they could get a clear sweep. They were still in use, however, in the seventeenth century; and Gerard Thibault of Antwerp gives, in his magnificently illustrated work on fencing (dated 1628), very full instructions as to the manner of combating them with the rapier. A still more comprehensive discussion of the relative advantages of different weapons may be found in the little book published by George Silver, who wrote at the end of the sixteenth century in defence of the old English sword and buckler play. One peculiarity found in a good many of these two-handed swords is the turning up of the arms of the cross-guard (technically *quillons*) towards the point, presumably with the object of more completely stopping, or perhaps breaking, any hostile weapon which might glance down the blade. In one example there are four *quillons* instead of two, and, what is

more singular, the grip is curved like that of the Japanese sword or of the modern duelling sword. We find here also a certain number of straight double-edged swords for one hand with a plain cross-guard. These are, of course, the oldest type, and to them, it appears, the name of *claymore* properly belongs. One or two of the specimens are prehistoric.

Three plates illustrate the decoration of the Highland dirk. Some of these arms bear, strange to say, pacific inscriptions, such as "A soft answer turneth away wrath." There is considerable merit in the carving of the wooden handles, though nothing equal to the ornamental leather-work of the targets. The patterns of interlaced curves which were especially affected by the Highland artists find but a small field in the compass of a dirk handle. We meet with them again in the sporrans, pouches, and brooches, which are figured towards the end of the book. Some of these would afford, with the necessary reduction of scale, models for a very pretty lady's purse, and a solid and useful one withal. The larger "gipsie bag" of which examples are given is, we presume, a Scotticized *gibecière*. In the brooches there is much pretty and characteristic work, but a certain monotony of ideas. They were sometimes made to serve as amulets by the addition of a ball of rock crystal; two fine specimens of this combination are given. We have passed over several other varieties of arms and other objects illustrated by Mr. Drummond's care, all of which will have their special interest for some division of antiquaries and students. There are ivory powder-horns of the seventeenth century, not of much artistic value in themselves, but bearing good witness by their carvings to the Highland dress of the time; pistols with carved ram's horn butts, barrels wrought in scroll-work and silver mountings, on which the Scottish gunsmiths of the eighteenth century bestowed much loving work; muskets with elaborately carved and inlaid stocks, exhibiting in good preservation the early form of flint and steel firelock, before the steel was made to protect the pan until the moment of firing; and glaives, Lochaber axes, and such like miscellaneous weapons. There are likewise examples of the Scottish and Irish harps, one of them associated by a doubtful tradition with Mary Stuart, and of the Scottish bagpipe in a simpler form than is now used, with a Calabrian specimen for comparison. One plate is given to wooden drinking vessels, and another to implements of husbandry. Besides the rude wooden spade still used in the Western Islands and in parts of Ireland, there is shown here the "caschrom," a queer-looking sort of hand-plough, or hybrid between plough and spade. It appears to be not a step in the development of the plough, but to have been invented later for working land where the plough could not be used. In all these things which we have barely mentioned there is plenty of matter for every man to consider and comment on according to his taste. We have said enough, however, to show good cause for our commending the book heartily, as we do with our last word, to all lovers of Scottish art and antiquities.

#### ALARIC SPENCELY.\*

THERE can be no doubt that simplicity in the outlines of a story is in many respects a great boon to reader and reviewer alike. There are, of course, some persons who have a natural taste for following out an intricate plot, and who would indeed feel somewhat aggrieved if they found nothing upon which to exercise their unravelling powers. But to the majority of modern readers, who take up a novel merely as an agreeable means of passing a spare hour or two, it is unquestionably a great relief to find that their story is a good straightforward one, and that they are not called upon either for gigantic efforts of memory in keeping in view the ramifications of a multitudinous family, or for a too close attention to a host of minor incidents and details without a correct recollection of which the thread of the story is very likely to be altogether lost. In this respect Mrs. Riddell's latest production is certainly deserving of praise. The story is as simple and straightforward as possible, and can be read right through from beginning to end with little mental exertion, and without any occasion for tiresome references to what has gone before.

Roger Barentyne, who, although we are informed that he is not the hero of the story, plays nevertheless the most prominent part in it, is a sort of typical young man of the old commercial school who comes up to London with half-a-crown in his pocket, obtains a humble situation in a house of business, and ends by marrying his employer's daughter, and being an alderman at least, if not actually Lord Mayor. This parallel is indeed but partially correct in the present instance; for, so far from being only the humble possessor of the traditional half-crown, Roger Barentyne is introduced to us at once in the more exalted form of a "threepenny" young man (only "buses" were unknown at this period), having been a clerk in a small business in the little country town where he was born and bred, until a restless longing to see the world prompts him to seek his fortunes in London, where he obtains a similar appointment in the house of Platt and Co., chemical and drug merchants. Here he falls in with the real hero, Alaric Spencely, who is manager to the firm, and who possesses a mysterious influence with its chief and present sole representative, Mr. Warwick Platt, a benevolent elderly gentleman of a somewhat uninteresting type, which influence has the effect of virtually

\* *Alaric Spencely; or, a High Ideal.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith of Fen Court," "Too Much Alone," &c. &c. London: Charles J. Skeet.



placing him at the head of affairs. He is at the same time evidently under a sort of cloud as regards the world in general, and leads a gloomy, friendless existence in the uncongenial company of his mother and sister. The adventures of Roger Barentyne, which are not in themselves particularly interesting, make up the general framework of the book.

It is hardly necessary to observe that where there is anything of a mystery in connexion with the plot of a story, to be revealed in due course, it is of the utmost importance that the approaches to the crowning situation should be most carefully worked out; and that the interest of the reader should be gradually and skilfully led on until the moment arrives for the curtain to be drawn aside. The nature of the mystery should not be altogether concealed; or, rather, it should give occasion for the introduction from time to time of other minor mysteries, which will furnish the conscientious reader who does not skip with sufficient material to exercise his imagination upon during the whole of the story, and which he will be able to piece together in his mind as he draws near the final dénouement. In this respect we can hardly consider the work before us to be a success. The idea of the cloud hanging over Alaric Spencely's life is in itself well conceived. Mr. Platt has a son Francis, who is introduced to us about half-way through the story, and who is represented as a sort of ne'er-do-weel, whose proceedings are a source of great trouble to his father, and whose reckless extravagances are a constant drain upon the paternal pocket. He eventually, indeed, resorts to the extremely inconvenient practice of going about the country in the capacity of an amateur bagman, and collecting the debts owing to his father's firm, which he appropriates to his own purposes. And towards the end of the book it turns out that he has been concerned in a crime which, if not actually murder, has a very ugly look about it. This is, in fact, the key to the mystery. It would appear that some ten or eleven years previously he had in some way or other been mixed up with a girl named Lucy Derram, who was found dead one night inside a warehouse belonging to Platt and Co. The person who found her was Alaric Spencely; and his account of himself at the time was so unsatisfactory, and his manners so confused and suspicious, that he was arrested and tried on the charge of murder. He escaped, however, on an unquestionable *alibi*; and, indeed, the strongest evidence against the prisoner appears to have been that a person closely resembling him in appearance had occasionally been seen walking with the deceased in the country, at times when it had been clearly proved that he must have been pursuing his daily vocations in his office in London. Nevertheless, public opinion appears to have been decidedly against him; and, strange as it may seem in the face of such very peculiar evidence, he is stated to have gone out into the world after his trial with the suspicion of murder clinging to him, and threatening to blast his whole life. But such was his devotion to his employer that he refrained from divulging what it seems he must have known perfectly well—namely, that the person who caused Lucy Derram's death was Francis Platt. And here it is that the story is wanting in execution. In the first place, we are not informed of the existence of Francis Platt till the middle of the second volume; and we get no hint of his connexion with Lucy Derram till towards the end of the book. This might in itself be perfectly legitimate, if supported by a proper chain of events. But, although Alaric Spencely is presented to us from the first as a man under a cloud, we are not until a late period in the story given the smallest hint as to its nature. He may, for all we know, have been concerned with his chief in a forgery, or arrested on suspicion of bigamy, or merely imprisoned for a year as a fraudulent bank director; but, whatever it may be, he is continually spoken of as if the real secret of his unhappy life must be well known to all concerned, although carefully hidden from the reader. In fact, we are apt to get rather tired of the continual mysterious references to this sort of open secret, and to wonder what on earth it can all be about. And, even when the secret is at last divulged, there remains a haziness about it which is far from satisfactory. It would have been only fair to the reader that some particulars should have been forthcoming respecting the circumstances under which Lucy Derram met her death, but as to this we are kept in complete ignorance; and, although we are given to understand that it was in some way or other attributable to Francis Platt, we are left quite in the dark as to how it happened. It might have been reasonably inferred, moreover, that the truth regarding his son had become known to Mr. Platt senior, and that his gratitude to Alaric Spencely had been caused by the self-sacrifice of the latter in concealing the real facts of the case. But we find, to our astonishment, that the old gentleman had known nothing about it; and, failing this, there is really nothing to account sufficiently for the very remarkable relations in which he has stood with his manager. This part of the story is, in short, wanting in point; and the dénouement is decidedly weak. The closing scene of Francis Platt's life might reasonably have been expected to throw more light on the past; whereas, when it is all over, we cannot help feeling that, as far as Lucy Derram is concerned, we are not much wiser than before.

In other respects *Alaric Spencely* is a good average story. Roger Barentyne's life in Mr. Platt's house of business, which, with one exception, is humdrum enough, has been made the groundwork of some clever delineations. The character of Miss Barentyne, the aunt with whom he goes to reside in London—a somewhat mature, though youthful-looking, spinster, with a small independence and considerable knowledge of the world, but

whose inordinate vanity and love of admiration at last lead her into a disastrous marriage—is perhaps the best in the book; and her flirtation with the Rev. Mr. Pemerton, whom, after some consideration, she has decided to marry, but by whom she is deliberately thrown over, affords material for an amusing sketch. Mary Barentyne, too, Roger's sister, is a pleasing study; and the process by which she falls in love with Alaric Spencely is ably and naturally described. In fact, it may be said in general that the female characters throughout are extremely good, and are drawn with a vigour and sharpness that are wanting in the case of those of the opposite sex. One feels a certain amount of interest in Alaric Spencely; but even here there is an incompleteness and want of finish that is somewhat disappointing. The best of the male characters is perhaps that of Mr. Boyes, the traveller of the firm, who enacts the part of a rough but well-intentioned low comedian, and who somehow or other becomes more or less intimately mixed up with the fortunes of every one else. But there is throughout the book a tendency to too much detail, and small matters are dwelt upon with unnecessary pertinacity. It may possibly be satisfactory to a few lady readers to know exactly how Miss Barentyne was dressed every time she went out for a walk or received company, but we cannot say that the general interest of the narrative is thereby increased. And we occasionally find ourselves involved in a passage such as the following, which can hardly be considered as a model of English composition, and which, in the case of a writer of Mrs. Riddell's experience, implies a certain degree of carelessness:—

Mr. Platt fell back in his chair, and, clasping his hands across his forehead, moaned aloud. . . . and there lay within his words the agony of some past sorrow as within the utterances of both the medical men at Poplar, any stranger might have understood there was knowledge of a former tragedy not apparent to the outward eye.

The descriptive passages are, on the whole, however, vigorous and well sustained. Mrs. Riddell evidently knows the City by heart; and a true Cockney will trace with interest Roger Barentyne's daily walk from Banner Square to the works at Bromley-by-Bow; and to those who are unacquainted with the present uninviting aspect of that locality it is pleasant to read of the old warehouse and wharf by the side of the Lea, then a fairly clear and "steel-blue" stream, with the fresh green marshes all around, broken only by an occasional building here and there. The episode of the attack on Roger by Dillon Derram, the cousin and former lover of Lucy Derram—a seafaring man of an uncertain and somewhat theatrical type, who, owing apparently to a general mistiness of ideas, mistakes Roger for Alaric Spencely, and very nearly knocks the life out of him one night on the bank of the Lea—is well conceived and effectually worked out. Roger himself, of whom the author is evidently by no means proud, and whose description certainly justifies a belief in her statement that he has developed into a flabby and soulless old citizen, to whom any pursuit unconnected with the direct making of money seems utterly incomprehensible and ridiculous, is not a character calculated to inspire either interest or regard. He of course has his own love affair, which however is quickly got over, although it has the effect of hardening his character and increasing the natural selfishness of his disposition. He eventually contracts what is evidently a *mariage de convenance* with a lady described as "Francis Platt's daughter"; but, as we then hear of her for the first and last time, and the arrangement is disposed of in a single line, we cannot avoid the suspicion that his marriage has been an afterthought, suggested by a natural desire that his career should be as complete and consistent as possible. Mr. Platt should of course by rights have had a daughter for Roger to marry; but, failing this, it was necessary to provide something of the kind, and a granddaughter may fairly be considered the next best thing. But we will not disappoint the reader by pursuing to its close a story which, although deficient in execution, contains nevertheless a good deal of pleasant reading, and which, as we have already observed, possesses the unquestionable advantage of being very easily read.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

MR. WHERRY'S *Comprehensive Commentary on the Qur'an* (1) turns out to be our old friend Sale, with a few additional notes. It is, no doubt, a good thing to possess so well printed an edition of Sale's "Preliminary Discourse," which takes up nearly the whole of the present volume; but Mr. Wherry seems to us to have introduced his reprint with a quite superfluous flourish of trumpets. The few notes he has added do not by any means bring the "Preliminary Discourse" up to the present state of research, and the slight alterations in the orthography and in the footnotes do not strike us as improvements. The work is, however, carefully reprinted; it undoubtedly forms an agreeable change, in the matter of type and paper, from the ordinary editions of Sale. Of the Koran itself only two chapters are included in the present volume, and it is therefore difficult to judge of the value of the additions from three or four native commentaries which Mr. Wherry has made to the already ample notes which Sale had collected from the standard commentators. Our impression is that it is possible to have a great deal too much of native commentaries, and that they are often calculated rather to

(1) *A Comprehensive Commentary on the Qur'an: comprising Sale's Translation and Preliminary Discourse. With additional Notes and Emendations; together with a complete Index. By the Rev. E. M. Wherry, M.A. Vol. I. Trübner's Oriental Series.*

confound than explain obscure passages. Still, as Mr. Wherry's book is intended for missionaries in India, it is no doubt well that they should be prepared to meet, if they can, the ordinary arguments and interpretations; and for this purpose Mr. Wherry's additions will prove useful. His insertion, too, of the usual native divisions of the Koran into Sipara and Ruka, as well as Sura and Verse, will be found serviceable. Sale's translation, however, is out of date, and ought not to be reissued without emendation.

It is to be noted of the second edition of Caroline Fox's *Memories* (2) that, although its two well-printed volumes are more convenient for handling than was the first form of the book, they contain fourteen additional letters, never before published, from J. S. Mill, which treat of various interesting topics.

Within the limits of a small and handy volume of about the size of the *Guides-Joanne*, Mr. Acton has managed to convey a remarkable amount of useful and interesting information concerning all the colonial offshoots of Great Britain (3) and all the British dependencies abroad, with the exception of India. Some of Mr. Acton's remarks in his brief preface seem to us to be well worth quoting, and will serve to show the spirit in which he has approached, and successfully accomplished, his task:—

English patriotism, though its first concern must be the welfare of Britain, cannot regard with indifference the prospect of the propagation of British social and political institutions abroad that is here in sight. The principles, rules, and methods of our public life, amidst party and sectarian differences in this as in former ages, are tolerably well understood and esteemed in this country. If we have any public spirit, we must care for the tokens already visible, that this national inheritance will not be lost by transplanting large communities of Englishmen to distant shores. We hope the best for England, and we are bound to do our best for her; but there is a true sense in which England may be said to exist wherever, to use Cowper's heartfelt expression, "a nook is left where English minds and manners may be found," and the practices of English citizenship tend to form the mind and manners. England should thus be found in Canada, in Australia, or in New Zealand, as well as here, and we are but half patriots if we care not to inquire about the civil and social welfare of these countries as part of England herself.

Mr. Acton's book supplies a want, and should be read by all people, and it is to be hoped they are many, who are interested in his subject.

It is a terrible undertaking to criticize Mr. Barlow's verses (4) in face of the scathing address "To a Critic" which his volume contains, and which begins with these withering verses, in which the intensifying force of the italics is especially noteworthy:—

Thou to parley with a poet,  
Vapid critic-creature—thou—  
Thou art blind and dost not know it;  
Dank locks flutter round thy brow.

(Do they do so, it may be asked, for any other reason than because brow rhymes to thou?)

Who art thou to preach and bluster  
To the fools that round thee cluster—  
Hearts that at thy mandate bow?  
Lo! the poet sings to roses  
And the hours of summer days;  
In the woods his heart reposes,  
Mid the rathe green bowery sprays!  
Lo! the poet bath the foaming  
Wide seas round his footstep roaming,—  
Round his brow the awful bays.

The poet's life, it would appear from this, taking one consideration with another, is not a happy one. To sing to roses with one's heart reposing in the woods, with awful bays round one's brow, while wide seas roam foaming round one's footstep, must be a serious undertaking. But perhaps consolation may be found in the becoming sense of self-respect expressed in the last verse:—

Thou to teach us, thou to teach us  
With thy simpering silly ways!  
Thou to impugn us and impeach us!  
Thou to chisel and chip our lays!  
Thou to teach us lore's true beauty  
And to point towards path of duty—  
What damnation were thy praise!

So far as we are concerned, Mr. Barlow is certainly safe from this form of damnation. In the case of writers like Mr. Barlow quotation is perhaps the best form of criticism. There is a good deal of stuff about Venus in his volume, and here are some lines from it:—

Art thou a woman, or diviner, prouder,  
More fierce, more fair,  
Made to be hymned by passionate harp-strings louder  
And lyres more rare?  
If women are most white, then art thou whiter?  
More fair indeed?  
Thine hair more wonderful, thy bosom brighter?  
Is there more speed  
In thy swift foot than in the feet of flying  
Dear soft-foot maids?  
Dost thou, love, triumph when the others sighing  
Wind wind-blown braids?

Poor old Rip Van Winkle (5) has gone the way of the Wander-

(2) *Memories of Old Friends*. By Caroline Fox. Edited by Horace N. Pym. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(3) *Our Colonial Empire*. By R. Acton. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(4) *Song-Spray*. By George Barlow. London: Remington & Co.

(5) *Rip Van Winkle: a Sun-Myth; and other Poems*. By Augustus Radcliffe Grote. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

ing Jew and other distinguished personages, and has been turned into a Sun-Myth by Mr. Grote, who thus explains his meeting and obeying the little man with the cask:—

When a clearing palely glistens,  
Rip Van Winkle, staying, listens  
To the distant Kaaterakills,  
In a hundred rippling rills  
Dropping down the rocky hills;  
And the white moon lets him see,  
Resting by a chestnut tree  
Quaintly dressed, a figure rare,  
Waiting with expectant air,  
As it thought to meet him there;  
On the ground beside it stands  
A wine-cask hooped with iron bands.  
The figure motions him for aid,  
And Rip Van Winkle, undismayed,  
Lifts the small cask, and, following, heads  
Where, through the glen, the figure leads.  
So the autumn carries with it  
All the labours of the year,  
As the circling of the planet  
Turns the greener leaf to sera.

A new and capably got-up edition of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* (6) is issued by Messrs. Longman.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have lately published, amongst other music, Mr. C. Villiers Stanford's setting of Mr. Browning's three Cavalier Songs in the "Dramatic Lyrics," all three being set for baritone solo and male chorus. The songs are in themselves so full of rhythm and ring, that to find, as Mr. Stanford has done, music which should exactly fit the words, which should be free alike from tricky striving at originality and from tricky use of conventional forms, was a task which demanded something more than is usually understood by talent. It is perhaps needless to say that the scoring is first-rate; but first-rate scoring is not all that is wanted for songs of this kind. Mr. Stanford possesses, and has turned to the best account, the other necessary qualities. It is not easy to choose between three pieces all of which are excellent, and before attempting to do so, one would like to be helped by hearing the songs sung, as they ought to be, by Mr. Santley. Perhaps "Marching Along," with the fine swing of its accompaniment, is likely to be the most popular of the three. In "King Charles" we would call special attention to the pathos of the passage about "my boy George," and to the straightforward simplicity with which the composer has got his effect for the words "while Noll's damn'd troopers shot him," and we may also mention the fine suggestion of the last "away" at the end of "Boot, Saddle, to Horse and Away." Amongst several other songs by the same composer, and from the same publishers, are Byron's "There be none of Beauty's Daughters," a singularly beautiful and original composition; "Le Bien vient en Dormant," in which the composer has exactly caught the spirit of old French music; Heine's "Tragödie," which contains an effective piece of canon-writing, and in which the influence of Schubert may be traced; and "Sweeter than the Violet," a charming setting of Mr. Lang's charming lines from the Greek of Meleager.

Messrs. Boosey have also published two songs by Mr. A. Goring Thomas—a "Serenade" (Shelley's words), and a "Lullaby" (Mr. Aïd's words). This last is a pretty study in the school of Gounod, which is a little marred by a somewhat odd and unpleasant chromatic passage. The "Serenade" has a clever suggestion of the guitar.

Professor Young has made a valuable and attractive contribution to the *International Scientific Series* (7), published by Messrs. Paul and Trench. His book is avowedly written as a "popular" scientific manual. He has aimed at giving "a general view of what is known and believed about the sun, in language and manner as unprofessional as is consistent with precision." For the complete success of his intention it is to be regretted that, owing to "delay in the printing and publication of the volume, some remarks which were pertinent when put in type last winter remain so no longer; and certain interesting observations which have been published within the last few months" (the preface is dated August 1, 1881) "are passed unnoticed."

A second edition has appeared of Mr. D'Anvers's *Elementary History of Art* (8). Various additions have been made by the editor, and many new engravings have been inserted.

The *Victorian Year-Book* (9) has reached its eighth year of issue. The compilation of the Census Returns has this year slightly delayed its publication.

Professor Palmer has undertaken to edit a collection of grammars (10) which are to provide the learner with a concise but practical introduction to the various languages included, while they are also to furnish philologists with a clear and comprehensive view of the structure of the languages. "The attempt,"

(6) *Lays of Ancient Rome; with Ivy and the Armada*. By Lord Macaulay. New Edition. London: Longmans.

(7) *The International Scientific Series*. By C. A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the College of New Jersey. With numerous illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(8) *An Elementary History of Art*. By N. D'Anvers. Second Edition. With Introduction by Professor Roger Smith. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *Victorian Year-Book for 1880-81*. By Henry Heylyn Hayter, Government Statist of Victoria. Melbourne: John Ferres. London: George Robertson.

(10) *Trübner's Collection of Simplified Grammars of the principal Asiatic and European Languages*. Edited by E. H. Palmer. I. *Hindustani, Persian, and Asiatic*. By the Editor. London: Trübner.



Professor Palmer justly writes, "to adapt the somewhat cumbrous grammatical system of the Greek and Latin to every other tongue has introduced a great deal of unnecessary difficulty into the study of languages. Instead of analysing existing locutions, and endeavouring to discover the principles which regulate them, writers of grammars have for the most part constructed a framework on the old lines, and tried to make the language of which they were treating fit into it. When this proves impossible, the difficulty is met by lists of exceptions and irregular forms, thus burdening the pupil's mind with a mass of details of which he can make no practical use." This system Professor Palmer proposes to combat in the series of grammars which he himself opens. The structure of each language will be examined and its principles explained; apparent discrepancies will be shown to be really natural changes; technical terms, unless their meaning and application are self-evident, will be excluded; the old classification into declensions and conjugations, and the usual *paradigms* and tables, will be omitted, and it is hoped that with the aid of the new system the pupil will find it an incomparably easier task than before to master the accidence and syntax of a given language. The grammar with which Professor Palmer begins the series has been specially adapted to the use of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. It will be followed by grammars of the Celtic and Slavonic languages and dialects, and also of modern Greek, Sanscrit, Pali, Burmese, Siamese, Malay, Chinese, and Japanese, and of the most important vernaculars of modern India. "The Celtic section will contain Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, and Breton; the Slavonic section will comprise Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian; and the Scandinavian section Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. A volume on Anglo-Saxon is also in course of preparation."

Messrs. Dean and Son have issued *Debrett's Illustrated House of Commons* for 1882 (11), edited with the usual pains and ability by Dr. Mair.

Messrs. Whitaker issue the invaluable *Dod* (12), of the appearance of which this is the fiftieth year. There is a certain interest in the notice which sets forth that

The close balance of parties has rendered much vigilance necessary in recording the politics of each Member, more particularly respecting  
The Assimilation of the Borough and County Franchise;  
The Establishment of County Financial Boards;  
The Land Laws;  
The Licensing Laws;  
Education, &c.

These have been carefully recorded, as additions to the old party designations by which members have hitherto been distinguished.

In two lively volumes (13) Mr. Francis takes us with him to all kinds of interesting places, and through all kinds of interesting adventures. In the first volume we start in South Africa during the late war, and end at Bangkok; and in the second we visit amongst other places Nagasaki, San Francisco, and Alaska. The author has a keen observation and a graphic pen, and his book is one eminently fitted to while away an odd half-hour or hour.

"The main contents of this volume," Captain Oliver (14) writes in a preface, "are derived from the rough scribbles and jottings in note and sketch books made by the author when a young subaltern of artillery." It is only to be expected that such a volume should contain a certain amount of matter which might have been omitted without any serious loss to the reading public. However, it has to balance these a good many points of interest, and is very far from being a mere record of personal experience. The part which deals with the Mascarene Islands and Madagascar may especially be studied with interest. It is unlucky that the book should be as unwieldy to handle as it is.

We have received Mr. Hall's *Clergy List* for 1882 (15), which in every respect but one—the Census Returns, the official report of which was not available in time—has been carefully brought down to date.

The Confessions of a Medium (16), who, according to his own account, gave up the practice of deception of the unwary as soon as he was convinced that it was deception and nothing else, might do some good to people bitten with "Spiritualism." Unluckily experience proves that, when once the malady has taken hold, it is almost impossible to get rid of it. Yet more unluckily perhaps, something of the curious atmosphere of "Spiritualism" itself clings to the book. The explanation of the various tricks, the methods of which have long been known to experts, is obviously correct; but the author's account of his own conduct and career as a "Medium" is as obviously incomplete. It is incredible that a person so apt at learning the tricks should have gone on so long as he represents believing that the tricks were only a kind of aid to faith, and that on auspicious occasions the "spirits" might be left to do all that at less lucky times had to be done for them.

Mr. Ainger's volume on Lamb (17) is marked by a fine sympathy and a keen discernment, and is written in excellent style.

(11) *Debrett's Illustrated House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*, 1882. Compiled and Edited by Robert Henry Mair, LL.D. London: Dean & Son.

(12) *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*. London: Whitaker.

(13) *War Waves and Wanderings*. By F. Francis. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(14) *On and Off Duty; being Leaves from an Officer's Note-Book*. By S. P. Oliver (Captain Reserve List), late Royal Artillery. London: Allen & Co.

(15) *The Clergy List for 1882*. London: John Hall.

(16) *Confessions of a Medium*. With Five Illustrations. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton.

(17) *English Men of Letters—Charles Lamb*. By Alfred Ainger.

There is, of course, little that is new to be said about Lamb; but what Mr. Ainger has to say is said remarkably well. His defence, or explanation, of the remarks of Carlyle which Mr. Froude thought fit to publish is singularly temperate and happy.

Messrs. Ward and Lock deserve special thanks for their republication of *Hood's Own* (18), which, like the other book which they issue, is for the most part very well printed. Let us hope that it may be followed by a republication of "Up the Rhine" and others of Hood's works. It might not be amiss to reissue the *Comic Annuals*.

Messrs. Routledge issue similar editions of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Sandford and Merton*, and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. The books are capitally illustrated.

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(18) *People's Editions* (6d.)—*Out of the Hurly Burly*. By Max Adeler. *Hood's Own*. With the original Illustrations. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

# NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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F. LAMBE PRICE, Secretary.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND. Founded 1810. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1827.

The SEVENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY DINNER will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, March 25 next. The Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P., in the Chair. Any Gentlemen wishing to act as Steward to attend this Dinner, or Subscriber to the Fund, is requested to apply to the SECRETARY, at 23 Garrick Street, W.C. Ladies' Tickets, 15s. 6d.; Gentlemen's, 41 1s. February 24, 1882.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS for ENGLAND.—

The REGULATIONS respecting the DISTRIBUTION of GRANTS out of the COMMON FUND, to meet Benefactions in the Spring of 1882, have now been issued. Copies may be had on application to the SECRETARY, Ecclesiastical Commission, 10 Whitehall Place, London, S.W.

THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM. PROFESSOR OF BOTANY.

The COUNCIL invite Applications on or before March 25th instant, for the above Appointment, the duties of which will commence on May 1.

Particulars of the salary and conditions will be sent on application to the Secretary, Mr. G. H. MONTAGU, the Mason Science College, Birmingham, to whom all applications for the appointment should be sent.

By a resolution of the Council, Candidates are especially requested to abstain from canvassing.

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CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—NINE or more open to competition at Midsummer 1882, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £60 a year in cases of scholars who require it.—Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

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